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VOL. LXXI

OCTOBER, 1920

No. 283

*Loaned to Tri-City Art
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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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OUR SYMPATHY GOES OUT TO HIS WIDOW
AND TWO CHILDREN IN THEIR GREAT
BEREAVEMENT.

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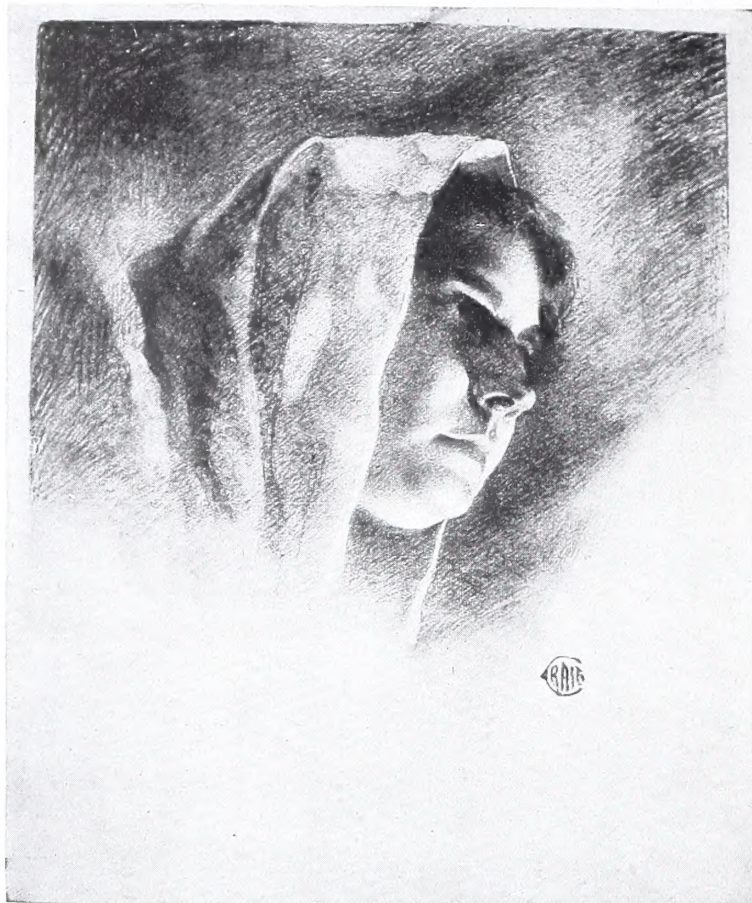
American Section and Articles on Advertising Pages by W. H. DE B. NELSON

PLATES	CONTENTS, OCTOBER, 1920
	THE GEORGE GREY BARNARD CLOISTERS...By Isabel Fiske Conant lv (Four illustrations)
	THE ETCHINGS OF TROY KINNEY.....By Ameen Rihani lix (Five illustrations)
C. M. GERE VARALLO Water Colour Frontispiece	HOW THEY CAPTURED CASTLES WITH ROSES, (Six illustrations) By Roger Sherman Loomis lxxvii
	LUMINOS.....By the Late W. H. de B. Nelson lxxi (Two illustrations)
H. A. PAYNE, A. R. W. S. MORNING LIGHT Water Colour Facing page 48	TWO AMAZING PORTRAITS BY PAUL MANSHIP, (Two illustrations) By Frank Owen Payne lxxv
	WATER COLOUR.....By the Late W. H. de B. Nelson lxxvii
	LAURELTON STUDIOS: A NEW IDEA.....By Charles de Kay lxxviii (Two illustrations)
	THE LATE W. H. DE B. NELSON: AN APPRECIATION..By his friends lxxxii (With portrait)
M. C. BOWERLEY PILGRIM'S PROGRESS Illuminated Text Facing page 58	REVIEW lxxxv (One illustration)
	THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS OF C. M. GERE AND H. A. PAYNE, (Seven illustrations) By Philippe Mairet 43
	THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, (Sixteen illustrations) By William T. Whitley 51
C. THIEMAN THE BEND OF THE RIVER From a Wood-block Print Facing page 68	MR. EDMUND H. NEW'S "LOGGAN" DRAWINGS..By Aymer Vallance 61 (Five illustrations)
	STUDIO-TALK 67 (Sixteen illustrations)
	REVIEWS 80

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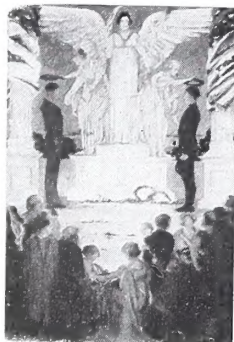
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"ENOCH'S PILLARS," THE RELATION OF ART MUSEUMS TO EDUCATION*

The following reprint from the Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum is the address given by Dr. Finley at the exercises commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Museum's foundation.

WHEN Themistocles was asked, says Plutarch, to speak freely concerning the affairs of the Greeks, before the Persian King, Xerxes, he replied that a man's discourse was like a Persian carpet, the beautiful figures and patterns of which can be shown only by spreading and extending it out; when it is contracted and folded up they are obscured and lost. The King bidding him take what time he would, he said that he desired a year, in which time he learned the Persian language sufficiently to say in the King's own tongue what he wished to speak to the King.

I should (like Themistocles) need a whole year in which to prepare an address which could be worthy to be presented in this House of Beautiful Things and in the presence of those living and dead who have adorned it.

As it is, I can bring but a sketch of the figure and pattern of what I would say on behalf of the State (the mother of your immortal corporate self) since the Governor, to his great regret, cumbered with many bills, cannot be here; of the University of the State of New York (your mystical, all-loving, God-mother); and of my own self, a devoted friend of your President, Mr. de Forest.

Despite the fact that I may not extend my brief address to its full pattern, I begin near the beginning of time—as it is recorded in the Book of Books.

There is a legend that Enoch (the son of Cain), after whom the first city of scriptural record was named (out in the Land of Nod), being forewarned that the earth would perish once by water and once by fire, erected two pillars, known as "Enoch's Pillars," one of stone and one of brick, on which he caused to be engraved "all such learning as had been delivered to or invented by mankind." "Thus," the legend adds, "it was that all knowledge and learning were not lost; for one of these pillars remained after the flood."

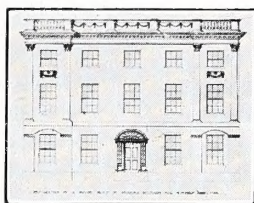
How meagre must have been that which mankind had to remember when all that it was thought necessary to preserve against oblivion by fire or flood could be written on a pillar of stone (and a duplicate copy on one of brick). And how simple, elemental, and short an educational curriculum it would have taken to compass all that one generation had to transmit to the next, if all that the schoolmaster had

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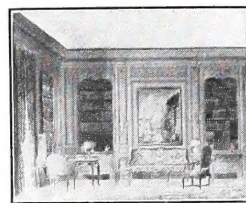


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J. H. GEST, Director, Eden Park, Cincinnati

to teach were graven on these shafts which were mindful ever of the past and yet portentous ever of the fate that was threatening the earth!

I have often wished that the content of the school courses of all the peoples of the earth might be analyzed and compared (French, English, German, Italian, American) in order that we might know after eliminating the purely local material, just what, in detail and in scope, the race as a whole most wished to transmit to its children (and so to a new race if a Noachian disaster were again to overwhelm the earth). If we could but summarize this residuum, it would be worth while to have engraved elementary Enochian pillars erected at every street corner for the living, or set upon our highest mountains and buried in fire-proof vaults against such emergencies as Enoch prepared for.

I have seen in one of our museums the clay copy-book of a Babylonian school boy (of beyond 2000 B. C.) in which having failed, evidently, to follow the copy to the satisfaction of the teacher, he had pressed out with his thumb a part of what he had written leaving a print for some specialist centuries later to examine. How meagre must his "copy" have been. Yet it was presumably still farther back that Enoch's Pillars stood in the midst of the squalid urban huts, on the dim edge of history and on the brink of the deserts. What would we not give to know what was written there? Was there anything that the world has forgotten, of its genesis?

This we know, that no thing of color hung upon it such as adorned the Tabernacle. No workmanship of Bezaleel or Aholiab embellished it. No Madonna's face enhaloed by Raphael looked out from it. There was "no framed Correggio's fleeting glow." No figures such as Angelo wrought, no bas-relief as that of our own St. Gaudens rested the eyes of those who looked on it. It had nothing more of beauty on it than the pillar of stone from Egypt which stands back of this great building.

And yet how bare, as Enoch's Pillars, of rare beauty, wrought of human hands, are those pillars of knowledge toward which millions of children today look for their heritage; as bare as if Phidias and Praxiteles, Angelo and Raphael, Frans Hals and Rembrandt, Turner, Millet and Rodin and all the rest had never lived; as bare aesthetically, as if the world's past were such as lies back of—I was going to say a Hopi Indian; but even his world has more of the æsthetic in it than that of children, yes and men and women, I have seen not a hundred miles from this place.

But now and here in the midst of this metropolis grown to a "cosmopolis" there rise new "Pillars of Enoch," pillars that have so much to carry upon them that they have to be extended into walls, many hundreds of feet in length and enclosing many chambers—pillars erected not that all "learning and knowledge" but that the most beautiful of all that has been "delivered to" man on this side of the water or that has been "invented by" him, shall not be lost! Nor that alone! Not alone that it shall not be lost but that it shall be made an inspiring vital part of the daily life of the people. Such is this great Museum, whose golden jubilee we celebrate today.

For this Museum is in its new functioning primarily an educational institution, a place not simply of conserving or recording but of teaching—a pillar not merely of memory nor yet of portent, like that of Enoch, or like that which the Tartars set up (after their flight from Russia, as recorded by De Quincey) in the shadow of the Great Wall of China, to mark the end of a journey, but rather of progress like a pillar of cloud by day, with its duplicate of fire by night, in the midst of this wilderness of houses, ever leading on to a promised land, a land of ideals never reached.

For inscription on this pillar, there is nothing better to be written than the creed which you have yourselves composed, a creed which will, however, be impotent to save, unless the people say it with you, and especially through their schools. Representing, as I think I may, the teachers of this State and City, I repeat it today with you:

"1. We believe that every human being is born with a potential love of beauty, and whether this capacity lies dormant or springs into activity depends largely upon his education.

"2. We believe that whether the cultivation of this faculty adds to the earning capacity of its possessor or not, it does unquestionably increase his happiness and this in time reacts upon his health of mind and body.

"3. We believe that the Metropolitan Museum has an important rôle to play in the education of the innate love of beauty.

"4. We believe that through the co-operation of the Museum and the schools a generation of young Americans may grow up who will know how to see beauty everywhere because they have learned its language here.

"5. We believe" (and here I catch into the creed the words of Joseph H. Choate at the dedication of this building in 1880, words in which he expressed the feeling of the founders), "not only that the diffusion of a knowledge of art in its highest forms of beauty will

tend directly to humanize, to educate, and refine a practical and laborious people . . . but will also show to students and artisans of every branch of industry, in the high and acknowledged standards of form and color, what the past has accomplished for them to imitate and excel."

But that this creed may have potency not only must it be repeated daily by both the Museum and the schools, as I have intimated, but constantly must the pillars (this Museum) be enriched with the continuing best that has been or will be "delivered to" or "invented by" mankind and then transmuted into the vision and the skill of the succeeding generations. Every school-room must open upon the Museum or the Museum must open every school-room. And there should not be a tenement, however bare, in which some of the paintings of these galleries do not hang or some bit of sculpture does not stand, or the fire of some jewel does not glow, because they who live in it have carried back to it what they have seen here in this (other) common room of their home.

And more and more essential to the life of our people is this Museum, not only because of its practical ministry to the efficiency of the crafts (the "mysteries," as they were once called) but also because of its ennobling and enriching contribution to the increasing leisure time of millions; for I have come to believe (I find that Aristotle anticipated me by more than two thousand years in this view, though I did not know this till I had reached it myself) that the right use of leisure is a chief end of education.

The Children of Israel were commanded to observe once a year for the period of seven days the Feast of Tabernacles, and live in tents or under temporary roofs in order that they might be kept gratefully mindful of the way by which their fathers had been led out of captivity in Egypt. I have often wished that all of us might celebrate such a feast each year for as many days (even if not consecutively and without more holidays, but in our leisure hours, with this same purpose). It would keep us out of pessimism. It would not be practicable for us to go out and live in tents or booths perhaps, and indeed, we could more profitably and to better purpose observe such a feast beneath the roofs of our great museums—the Natural History Museum and the Metropolitan Museum.

If the Governor of this State were willing to add another to his many helpful proclamations, I would recommend this one, though I suspect that he would hardly be willing to follow the form into which I have put it:

This shall ye do, O men of Earth,
Ye who've forgotten your far birth
Your forbears of the slanting skull
Barbaric, brutal, sluggard, dull,
(Of whom no portraits hang to boast
The ancient lineage of the host),
Ye who've forgot the time when they
Were redolent of primal clay,
Or lived in wattled hut, or cave,
But, turned to dust or drowned by
wave,
Have left no traces on Time's shores
Save mounds of shells at their cave
doors

And lithic knives and spears and darts
And savage passions in our hearts
This shall ye do: * * *

(Then would follow specific directions
as to visiting—the Museum of Natural
History):

Beneath whose roofs
Ye yet may hear the flying hoofs
Of beasts long gone, the cries of those
Who were your fathers' forest foes
Or see their shadows riding fast
Along the edges of the past.

(And then would be given other specific
directions as to reaching the place
of the crowning glories, the supreme
mysteries, of man's handiwork, this Metropolitan
Museum of Art.)

All this that ye may keep in mind
The nomad way by which mankind
Has come from his captivity;
Walking dry-shod the earth-wide sea,
Riding the air, consulting stars,
Driving great caravans of cars,
Building the furnace, bridge, and spire
Of earth-control and heav'n desire,
Stamping on canvas, bronze, and stone
The highest beauty earth has known,
Rising in journey from the clod
Into the glory of a God—
This shall ye do, O men of Earth,
That ye may know the crowned world
Of what ye are—and hope renew,
Seeing the road from dawn to you.

Seeing this road, then, turning from
these museums toward the day's works
and the day's leisures, we should find a
new courage, a new joy, a new heaven,
and a new earth—for the golden days,
though this is a golden jubilee, are not
all behind us.

The saddest picture I think I have
ever seen was of Eve, the grandmother
of Enoch, in her old age (and I had
never before thought of Eve as growing
old). She was being borne on a litter,
her great son Cain at her side, and was
pointing, as she sat, toward a clump of
trees on a distant knoll and saying or
seeming to say to Cain, "You see those
trees yonder? Well, that was Paradise."
But Paradise does not lie behind
us—back beyond "Enoch's Pillars." It
lies in the direction in which this
glorious and immortal Mother of
Beauty looks in these collections—forward—
the direction in which I hope she
will guide, through countless fifty years,

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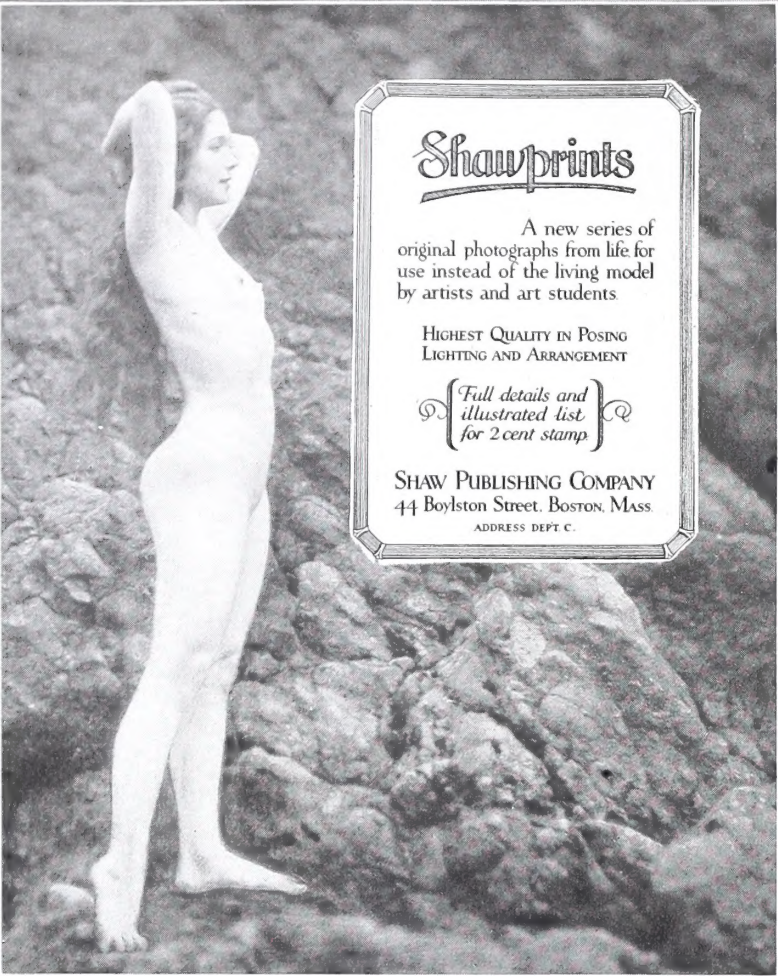


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ADDRESS DEPT. C.

the eyes of all the children in this, the first city of the earth.

That this may be the relationship between art museums (and this Museum especially) and public education, is my jubilee wish on behalf of the State.

* * *

THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

The Cleveland Museum of Art has recently received from donors, who for the present remain anonymous, a memorial of \$250,000, of which about \$50,000 is given for the installation of a fine organ and accompanying equipment and the remaining \$200,000 for the endowment of a Department of Musical Arts.

The Museum has for two years past, under the direction of Thomas Whitney Surette, offered freely to the citizens of Cleveland very definite opportunities for a greater understanding and appreciation of the art of music. Illustrated lecture courses and informal talks have broadened the vision of many music lovers. Short talks preceding concerts given in the Museum and informal interpretative talks on the programs of the Symphony Orchestras have increased their pleasure and understanding in these concerts—as has also the course of lectures given last winter on the instruments of the modern orchestra illustrated by members of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. There have been weekly periods of group singing, open to all who care to come, when old folk-songs and chorales were sung by the audience. These hours of singing have proved one of the strongest factors in creating a love of good music, for in producing such music, under direction, the singer clinches the knowledge gained by making it a part of his own experience.

Children as well as adults have benefited by the musical activities of the Museum. Two public school classes come daily to the Museum for a lesson in drawing and their program includes a period of directed singing. Singing also precedes the Saturday afternoon entertainments for children, and the children of members have the privilege of Saturday morning classes.

With the establishment of the Department of Musical Arts the work will be continued on a permanent, endowed basis. The installation of the organ will, of course, greatly enlarge its scope, as organ recitals, etc., are added; but its character will remain essentially the same. There will be no attempt to train musicians (as there is no attempt to

(Continued on page 10)

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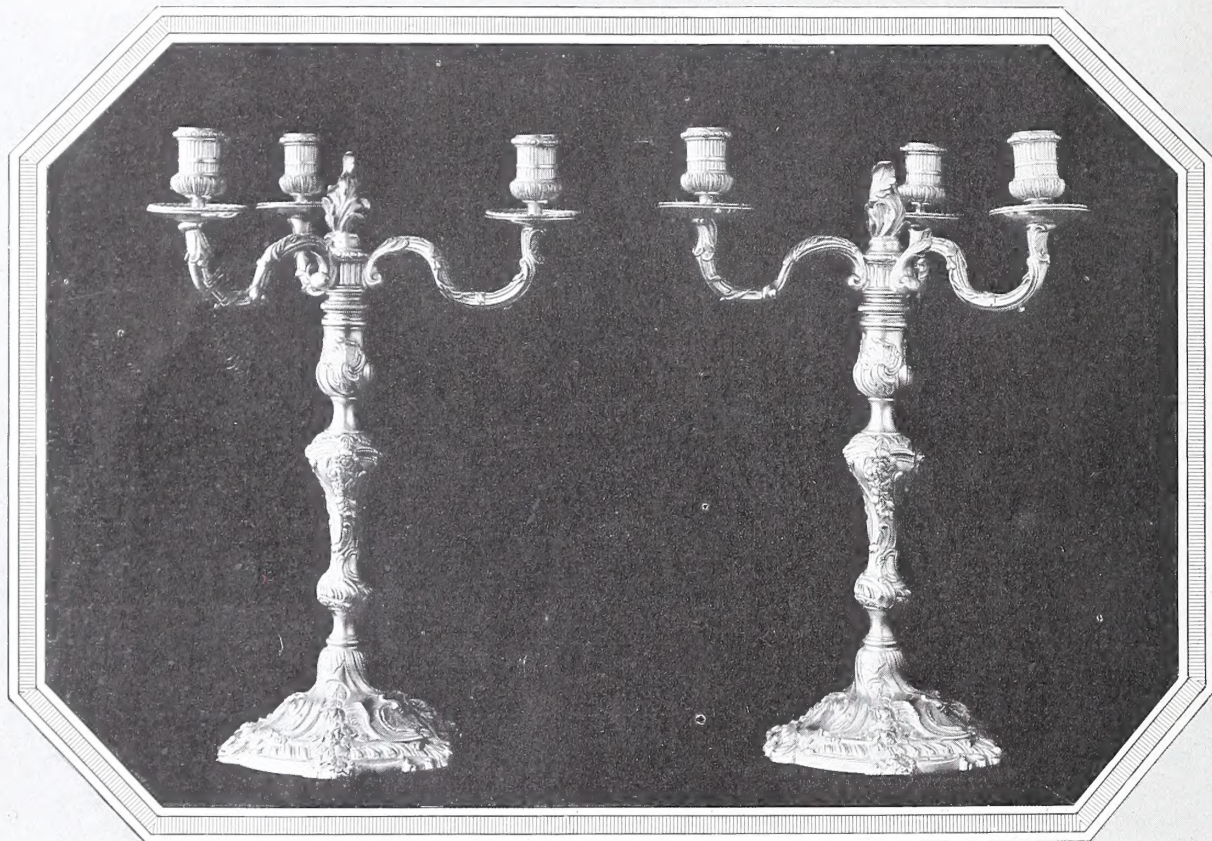
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OCTOBER, 1920

THE GEORGE GREY BARNARD
CLOISTERS
BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

WHEN the Spirit of Beauty walked the earth, among her loveliest robes were the southern provinces of France. She gathered about her progress Provence, Languedoc, the Roussillon. Her scarves were the clouds, the mist, the blue distance of the high Pyrenees. The turquoise Mediterranean, the sunshot and summer-changeable silks of the fields were her trailing draperies. In time she wore the precious stones of the chateaux; the rosaries of the monasteries of Our Lady and the Saints. The great Cross of St. Martin on the height of the peak of Canigou was her crucifix. Her day-dreams were the legends that grew up about her. She led her faithful pilgrim by green pastures and restored his soul. . . . About the year 1000 A. D. Pierre Oseola, Doge of Venice, went on pilgrimage to St. Michel de Cuxa, going "on his naked knees" for the last several miles of the rough country. But through the centuries she had no deeper-hearted pilgrims than her chosen ones from the New World, to whom a thousand leagues were as nothing beside the ache for beauty that is the pledge of immortality to the soul. . . . After that there came a time when the sword of war, in the hand of St. Michel, the militant archangel, barred the way, and mediæval France was to America a lost Atlantis. There was, instead, the France of human poppies staining the fields; of the Argonne where Youth came singing to death and victory. But that was not the France of yester-year—the France for which, after all, one sent one's own lad to fight. All this time

of eclipse, however, there was—as may there ever be—but a moment by airplane from our torch of Liberty, one spot where, in reality, France dwells in America. . . . There are now "many corners of a foreign field" that will be forever America, where a young heart from the Catskills, from Oregon, from Massachusetts, has enriched another fleur-de-lis, has deepened the hue of another poppy. It is to be hoped that most fathers and mothers will not disturb their sons' rest, but let those little acres of quiet remain forever America in France. The acre of France in America to which I refer is the ground where stand the Cloisters of George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, who today is one of the closest links between France and America.

Thinker of deep thoughts, hewer of glistening Carrara, George Grey Barnard has set these "Cloisters" upon Washington Heights, looking to the sunrise, as all altars do, and all orientations must, whatever star be their sun. It is the star of Beauty that is in the ascendant here. Travelling in the Languedoc, Mr. Barnard became interested in the ruined monastery of St. Guilhem. Believing that stone can never be lost, this lover of stone, this understander of the hearts of marbles, searched the country-side for lost capitals, broken key-stones, strayed statuary, misplaced lancets, and, to shorten the story of a pilgrimage, found, in underbrush or under the soil of the fields of the peasants, in their gardens, and under their thatched roofs, enough of relics partially to restore and present as his gift to France, the Monastery of St. Guilhem du Désert, and at the same time to bring over from his purchases and discoveries the "Cloisters" that he has reconstructed here. The

The George Grey Barnard Cloisters



SCENE FROM MASQUE

outer arches he is still in process of reassembling. The interior does not make a facsimile of St. Guilhem, but is a sanctuary raised, in his own gifted manner, for these gathered treasures. In addition to the relics from St. Guilhem are those from St. Michel de Cuxa and from St. Martin du Canigou, in the romantic Roussillon country, whence came these ancient twelfth century oaken doors, and where the Cloak of France had for its border the tinsel fringe of Spain.

As we enter the grounds, we see high in the outer wall, near the inserted stations of the Cross, the old monastery bell. If we pull this by its suspended rope we hear the voice of yesterday. Within the entrance, we are requested to ring the smaller bell on the door itself. The verger, himself not the least treasure of the Cloisters, will not let us enter until—for some moments after he has drawn the curtain-veil of the centuries—we have stood under the mingled spell of arches, stained sunlight, incense, altar and enshrined statues. Our first impression overwhelms us with the full ensemble of loveliness; only on later visits can we begin to grow into the richness of details. This collection, housed in

such loveliness, seen against such perfection of proportion, vistas, illusion, colour, is an assembling of hundreds of examples of French art in its perfection of execution and feeling. It is a miracle and a marvel, whose result one need not fear to overstate. Somehow, too, the life-history of these statues has crept into the very rainbow-drift of sunbeams from the southern transept. This interior is distinctly not a museum, and yet not a convent, nor yet a minster, and still is always a temple, and, essentially, an ecclesiastic cross. This ancient glass, in its early splendour, cast its rays on kneeling prince and peasant. One example had a long exile in the house of a German peasant in France, who hated it for shutting out the day, and had finally thrust it into her attic and replaced it with window-glass. It is now a glory above the altar. A very beautiful statue of the Virgin, the prey of vandals in war-time, was found by a peasant ploughing in his fields, and was for years set up in his stable, where it may be that after all the Virgin was cheered by the memory of the softness of the hay of Bethlehem and the warmth of the sweet breath of those cattle of the manger.



JEANNE
D'ARC

[Over arched doorway is statue of Virgin and Child from Toul, scene of imprisonment and trial of Jeanne d'Arc]

TOMB
OF
CRUSADER



[Scene from Masque in Cloisters on day of canonization of Jeanne d'Arc]

The George Grey Barnard Cloisters



OUTER CLOISTERS

There is old St. Denis, beheaded in the cause of Christ, who is shown, carrying his head in his hands, as when he rose at the angels' summons, following them, headless too from courtesy, up to Paradise. Animal figures are there, too: there is the twelfth century tomb of the recumbent crusader, the little lion supporting his feet. There is the gentle griffin, smiling playfully as if to while away the centuries for the little Christ Child reaching out towards him from Mary's arms. There is the quaint, richly dressed donor, forever kneeling. Should these knees be stiff when at last comes Gabriel's trumpet, her flock of winged prayers will easily bear her upward. There is the slumbering high-born lady, than whose reposeful face little lovelier of its kind has been done.

There are many touches of humour, as if for the pleasure of the Child in his mother's arms, lest the centuries pass too tediously for that little one—beauty of carved iron that every gentle child would love, the drooping curve of the peacock's outline, the slender griffin, whose teeth are bared, but kindly, as if he were smiling away the eras. There, sus-

pending in its arc, hangs the iron lace of a ship, a design given by some ship's worker in memory of a safe port after dangerous seas; a maritime thank-offering. And, daintiest of touches, the little New-World spiders have woven lovely shimmering tissues of veils for each Virgin and Child.

It is all a great conception, greatly achieved by a great mind. Here is not a vast place—unless measured foursquare by the angel with the heavenly rod,—but its appeal is measureless. A miracle of art has been accomplished here. So beautiful an achievement was a destined one. It was written, when in the ninth century St. Guilhem was first quarried out, that it should in the twentieth century find its apotheosis across the sea. That this has come to pass through him is not the least of the great works of George Grey Barnard.

Editor's Note.—*The Cloisters are open daily except Monday for the benefit of French artists' families. Entrance at West 181st St. and Fort Washington Ave.*

Photos courtesy of Kaplan Photo Service.

The Etchings of Troy Kinney



THE SEVENTH
VEIL

TROY
KINNEY

THE ETCHINGS OF TROY KINNEY BY AMEEN RIHANI

WHILE painting is continually undergoing changes in method and technique, and making fitful efforts to rise out of the revolutionary turmoil of schools to a greater freedom and a more dominating vision, etching is still bound in classic limitations and hedged about with sentiment and tradition. The etcher's art, on the whole, remains the same

as when Rembrandt crowned it with his achievements and Haydon made it popular through his own work and activity; while dealers and collectors maintain the same sentimental attitude towards it that characterized its earliest votaries. In other words, etching has acquired a sort of sacro-sanct influence that gives it, among the shifting vantages and vanishing guide-posts of art, an enduring place,—a little temple sheltered by a time-hallowed sentiment and devotion.

And this is fortunate. For the æsthetic

The Etchings of Troy Kinney

feeling, while all around the process of unhinging Yesterday's attachments is unremitting, while everywhere are voices clamouring for the immediate and exclusive recognition of To-day, finds satisfaction only in the contemplation of forms of beauty that are natural in their inception and development. Nature herself recognizes the past and builds upon it. In making the rose she goes back to the Miocene period for her soil. In painting the wings of a bird she dips her brush in the pigments that first coloured the rocks of Chemung. In building a crystal she goes farther back to Paleozoic time, following the inalterable law of proportionate sectional growth. There are no variations except where there are accidents. And these become laws in the process of development, to be discovered by man in the process of time. But seldom or never does this happen in a single generation. Hence the necessity of an abiding tradition—a testimony and a promise of achievement.

In this sense, therefore, etching is an art that still adheres to natural laws. In its limitations is the promise of its perfection; and in its traditions is preserved that conception of beauty that makes its greatest appeal through linear expression. It is to art what the sonnet, for instance, is to poetry: it expresses in black and white through a process partly mechanical what the poet would express in fourteen lines. And like the sonnet form, the technique of etching may be mastered by many; but it can be made the vehicle of the highest poetical expression only by the masters.

Troy Kinney is a poet with the needle, who gives us in his etchings a charming and lasting souvenir of the dancer's creations and fugitive fancies. For in its movements, its gestures, its pauses, its linear tones and accents, dancing is as expressive of forms of beauty as the most austere of natural laws or the most abstract of æsthetic conceptions. It suggests and complements the other arts. And it is, of all arts, the most susceptible, especially with the Orientals and Andalusians, of improvisation. Thus, it is as difficult sometimes to recognize a pleasing idiosyncrasy or grasp the significance of an instant gesture, as it is to distinguish the interplay of light and shadow

upon the wings of a bird in flight. But Troy Kinney has a very sensitive retina, it seems, as well as an agile and dexterous hand. Like the true artist, however, he utilizes, but does not always follow with implicit faith, his first impressions. He takes pains to confirm and amplify them.

In Spain, where dancing is as much a part of the life of the people as religion and the bull-fight, he got his first inspiration. He walked in the shadow of Malagueña and Flamenco with the zeal of a devotee. He saturated himself with the Sevillian atmosphere, resonant with the click of castanets, vibrant with rhythmic beauty, opulent with an eternal but ever varying measure. From Madrid to Valencia he was the modern art-pilgrim enchanted beyond any healing formula. The dance-hall was his shrine; and his goddess, that brilliantly voluptuous and fatally fascinating creature, who dashes dancing into your heart and sends you away with the haunting echoes of the castanets and the more haunting magic of her art.

And Troy Kinney came back to New York a very much haunted person, indeed. But he was not going to submit impassively to a Satanic or a divine obsession. He would master its reactions and make them serve the purpose of his art. He continued, therefore, his pilgrimage in New York, where European celebrities, with the halo of genius or without it, must eventually come and bow the head to Mammon—to say nothing of the way they make away with his gold. Here, then, were the artist-pilgrim's gods and goddesses, come from Paris and London and Seville and Petrograd.

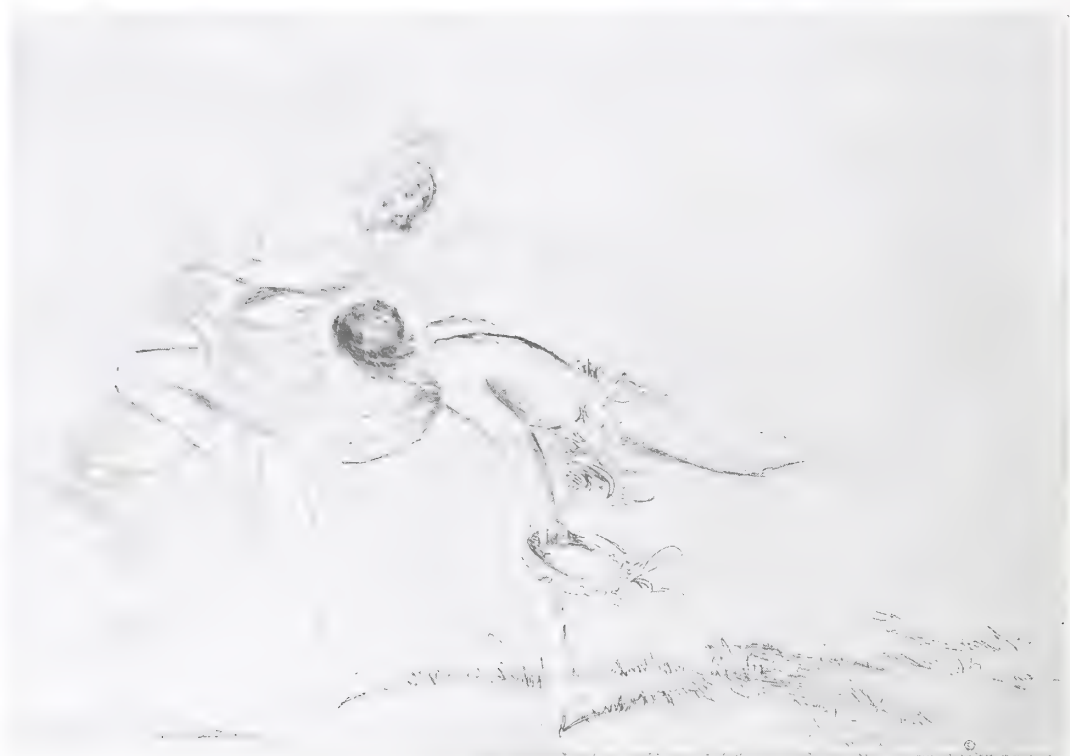
He sought them all, in and out of the temple. Pavlowa, Nijinski, Roshanara, Tortola, Adolf Bolm, Fokine and Fokina, they all welcomed him and gave him a taste of their genius and their temperament. But like a true pilgrim, Kinney always saw through the thorny hedges the lambent light of sacrifice and triumph. Some of the Terpsichorean divinities were human, some of them were not; but they were all eager to leave behind them an enduring souvenir of their rituals. So, they lifted for Kinney the first—and the seventh—veil; they took him into the inner



FOKINA IN
SALOME

TROY
KINNEY

The Etchings of Troy Kinney



SWALLOWS

TROY KINNEY

shrine; they imparted to him a few of the mysteries, as well as the secret of their worldly triumph. For no matter how impossible in a practical way, these dancers are a serious-minded people, terribly, religiously in earnest. This is one of the characteristics that these etchings reveal. Indeed, the Terpsichorean divinities both spin and toil—and read good books. They even go to the ancient lore of Egypt for a guiding sign. Kinney saw them perform, and rehearse, and strive for the best. He saw them from the edge of the vibrant circle created by the dance; he saw them from various distances, from stall and pit and gallery-top. For, to obtain the right point of view, he had to study them from every point of view.

And he made another discovery. Mere movement in a dance is by no means the most essential of its qualities. Nor do the masters set much value upon it. It is in spot and line

that they all try to excel and express a distinct individuality. Herein the two arts, dancing and etching, reflect each other. In spot and line the rhythms accumulate, the measure is achieved, and the dance is made articulate. So, too, the picture. In other words, the dancer comes on the stage enveloped in an atmosphere of her own creation, which she proceeds to make articulate, even lyrical, in line and spot; and the artist, if he has the faculty of instantaneous perception, transfers her creation, or the synthesis of it, on his plate. How much movement and feeling of movement he can make it represent, depends upon his talent.

Troy Kinney makes even the blank spaces, the silences, emphasize the eloquence of spot and line. Having used a literary analogy, let me add another to make the matter more clear. A line of poetry, for instance, is composed of a number of feet variously accented. The

The Etchings of Troy Kinney

lines in a drawing or in a dance are the feet, the "spots" are the accents. And in the repetition the measure of a dance and the composition of a picture are achieved. Pavlowa and Fokine are masters of spot and line, creators of new rhythms and measures. And Troy Kinney is as agile and dexterous with his hands as they are with their feet.

But behind hands and feet is a soul, a genius, a creative power. If dancer and etcher did not both appreciate this, they could not act and react upon each other in artistic expression. Pavlowa would often rehearse for Kinney a certain gesture or movement, a certain creation of spot and line;—she would

repeat her words, so to speak, that he might get the proper accents and the exact inflections. That is how these brilliant etchings were conceived. That is the first stage in their making.

Troy Kinney never works in a haphazard or casual manner. He is painstaking and deliberate. He accepts the mood, but goes beyond it for the fundamental law. He is impeccably classic in his compositions, for they are based upon the Greek design, following the organic development in nature as in the formation of a crystal or the cellular growth in plants. By observing the area of proportion, he achieves dynamic symmetry. Dividing his



ROSHANARA

TROY KINNEY

The Etchings of Troy Kinney

plan into rectangular sections, he draws his picture, sometimes in sections also, and makes it fit into the design. But he does not lose sight of the poetic motive in thus building the parts into a harmonious whole. On the face of it, this method of composition does not seem flexible enough for artistic creation. It is too scientific, one would say, to be always conducive of freedom of treatment. It is like making first the mould and then making your creation fit into it. But this is only superficially true.

In the hands of an artist of talent, a scientific formula can be made to yield to the dominant feeling, even to the teasing and tormenting fancy. Plainly speaking, the angles give way to flexible, relaxing and accentuating lines; and in the classic areas of proportion is ample latitude for personal expression. It is true, however, that, in the hands of an artist of no talent, the geometric conception in composition always betrays a laboured technique. But every formula carries with it a dispensation, which only the masters can utilize to advantage. To be able to sweep the rule aside, you must know first its natural and traditional import; and then, knowing also when and where it can be done effectively to serve an artistic purpose, you snap your finger and get away with it.

Troy Kinney gets away with it in these etchings. He has succeeded where the mechanical stickler would fail. In his synthetic method, we lose sight entirely of the scientific approach. And although his compositions always conform to the Greek principle of design, he conveys in a sweep of line, a swing of rhythm, or the mere suggestion of their qualities, the impression of a freedom of handling most admirably achieved. Indeed, some of his subjects seem to have been drawn in a moment of inspiration directly on the plate, freely, spontaneously. His *Swallows*, for instance, is a fine example of his skill and technique. With an economy of line and a delicacy of touch the rhythms mount and swing horizontally in a swift movement, converge from opposite directions, and are then clinched and accentuated in the heads of the two dancers transfixed within a single measure, just so much apart to express all the rapture

and longing of a supreme desire.

In the other etchings done in this style is a further proof of his power of analysis and concentration;—a proof, too, of an eloquence that is as effective in gesture and pause. Kinney in these plates speaks to us in monosyllables, concisely, significantly, rapidly; and in his interpretations, the ellipsis is often as expressive as the most accented lines. Observe this in his *Seventh Veil* in relation to the composition, which enhances its sinewy and resilient qualities. From the vibrant curve of the dancer's feet up to the fading outline of the veil, the ascending rhythms, swift, consistent, harmonious, produce a soaring effect which is most fascinating. The dancer, at the height of the rhapsody, is about to take to flight.

This marvellous technique of Troy Kinney is made to yield more power in his *Bacchante*. The bacchanal, I admit, is a hackneyed subject. Pencil and brush and common print have made it so familiar and unattractive by so many vapid or bizarre versions, which travesty the rhapsodic spirit, that Kinney, realizing this, surprises us with what seems at first sight a snap-shot of a new creation. A new creation, it is. But with a few strokes of the needle and a dry-point line, he gives us a being of fire and song, forceful and graceful, epitomizing in a single gesture all the abandon, all the rapture, and all the poetic madness of the bacchanal. And how simple and compelling that single gesture of the body emphasized in the curving line from neck to bosom and made still more eloquent by the contrast of the downward rhythms in arm and leg and the rhythmic flow in hair and veil! It is remarkable how, with but a few strokes of the needle, he can fill his plate with magic beauty. His *Bacchante*, though phantom-like, has in it more of the ecstatic fire than most of the elaborate representations of the bacchanal. The execution is masterly, the composition is perfect. There is not a single stroke in it that is either casual or superfluous. It is in these etchings especially, which look like improvisations, that his technique is made to yield all its latent power.

He is not less brilliant, however, when this power is subject to a cultured restraint in his more finished, I should say more elaborately executed, plates.



PAVLOWA IN THE CARMEN BALLET

TROY KINNEY

The Etchings of Troy Kinney

His *Adolf Bolm in Prince Igor* is a synthesis of power. His *Pavlowa in Carmen* is an epitome of grace. In both these etchings the intensive process is carried to a point where truth and impressionism are one. The warrior-dancer as curved (is it by chance, we ask) and as supple as his own bow, goes to the heart of his subject with a mighty stride. And Pavlowa, whose intensely serious expression raises her subject to a supreme purpose, makes the more familiar luring leer of *Carmen* seem by contrast a vulgar blasphemy. The outline in these plates is clear, crystalline, suggesting the emptiness of the ornamental. No, nothing is needed to emphasize that superb gesture of grace or that resounding accent of power.

On the other hand, his *Portrait of Mrs. W.*, with its soft contour and romantic glamour, is made lyrical by the masterly handling of the delicate grey tints against a background of deep dry-point simulating distance. Thus, with an eye for beautiful effects, the notes and accents of character are suggested as well as expressed, according to the prevailing mood.

The resourcefulness of Kinney's needle and style is more strikingly evident, however, in his *Roshanara* and *Viva Andalusia* and *Tortola Valencia*. The flexible line expressing grace and charm, the relaxing line expressing a winsome lassitude, the incisive line expressing power, the rigid line made to set off the silences, and the drop in the rhythm to a subtle nuance without breaking, they all serve to hold the increasing measure in a composition of perfect harmony.

If he is epigrammatic, so to speak, in *Bacchante*, he is a fluid stylist in *Viva Andalusia*. More than that. He is an interpreter, faithful to the genius of the land that gave him his first inspiration. He speaks with the flourish and fervour of an Andalusian. He gives us a Tor-

tola in all the pompous, quaint, capricious and self-conscious manner of the Spanish dancer that is more widely known outside of Spain. He gives us the *Mistress of the Castanets*, the *Goddess of Andalusia*, who seldom covets an alien shrine, in her most characteristic pose, slightly sinuous, graceful, majestic, captivating. No one who has an eye for line and has once seen her dance, can fail to recognize, in Kinney's etching, the most expressive gesture in the contour of breast and bosom, rendered with classic dignity in one masterly stroke, or the fluid elegance that seems to flow from the tips of her fingers to the end of her trailing gown. It is indeed evident that Troy Kinney, to indulge again a literary analogy, can turn out a well rounded sentence as well as an epigram.

And in both he is a conscientious and painstaking artist. He takes no short cuts; he accepts no makeshift as a substitute for work. And while he has a few tricks of his own, it can be said that he adheres closely to the traditions of his art, without adopting exclusively any one particular formula. He works, and works on his subject material till he gets the right point of view, the right method of execution, and the right expression. He tires his subject, I would say, before he tires of it. And thus only, he succeeds in producing those charming effects of a spontaneity deliberately achieved, which characterize the style of Flaubert, for instance, or Robert Louis Stevenson. No trick, no evidence of labour can be detected in the magic of his line. Nor is there ever a sign of impatience or slapdash in the execution of his plates, no matter how much the mechanical process grates upon his delicate sensibility and esthetic impulse. He is an artist of the one and only school that endures—the School of Truth and Beauty and Work.

How They Captured Castles With Roses



I

HOW THEY CAPTURED CASTLES WITH ROSES ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS

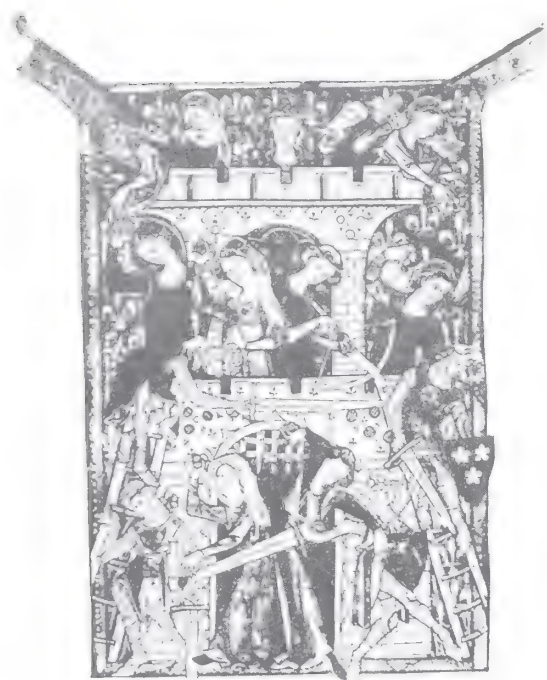
ANGLO-SAXONS are notorious for taking their pleasures sadly. And if the British and ourselves were to be judged by the general solemnity of our pageants we should have to plead guilty. Over there Appius Claudius communicates his un'appiness to the audience: and with us the roasting of Jesuit fathers and the tomahawking of Puritans has been only partially relieved by pious rejoicings at the celebration of the first turkey and mince-pie dinner. We have worshipped the sage and solemn Muse of History, not her more frivolous sister, the Muse of Comedy.

But the medievals from whom we cribbed this fashion for large and lavish spectacles were with all their monasteries and misereres and massive tomes of moribund theology a vivacious folk. If you doubt it, read the

drinking songs of Bishop Goliath, or Geoffrey Chaucer's ironic remarks on patient Griseldas, or, on your next trip to England tip back the seats in the choir of almost any cathedral and you will discover carvings that would give even Clarence Day points in humour. Yes, our ancestors were a jollier crowd than we.

One of their inspirations by way of pastime was a pageant called *The Castle of Love*. We first hear of it seven hundred years ago in Italy. In the year 1214 the people of Treviso invited to a festival many gentlemen and twelve of the fairest and gayest ladies of Padua, and the entertainment provided has been described by a contemporary historian thus: "A fantastic castle was built and garrisoned with dames and damsels and their waiting women, who without help of man defended it with all possible prudence. Now this castle was fortified on all sides with skins of vair and sable, sendals, purple cloths, samites, precious tissues, scarlet, brocade of

How They Captured Castles With Roses



II

Bagdad, and ermine. What shall I say of the golden coronets, studded with chrysolites and jacinths, topaz and emeralds, pearls and pointed headgear and all manner of adornments wherewith the ladies defended their heads from the assaults of the beleaguers? For the castle itself must needs be assaulted; and the arms and engines wherewith men fought against it were apples and dates and muscat-nuts, tarts and pears and quinces, roses and lilies and violets, and vases of balsam or ambergris or rosewater, amber, camphor, cardamoms, cinnamon, cloves, pomegranates, and all manner of flowers or spices that are fragrant to smell or fair to see."

The storming party consisted of a number of Venetian youths, who finding all these missiles had no effect, resorted to a shower of golden ducats. Promptly the ladies capitulated, and the young men carried the banner of St. Mark triumphantly into the castle. But the gentlemen of Padua, who had escorted the ladies hither, didn't like the turn things were taking, and in a rage tore up the banner of St. Mark. Finally the matter became so serious that nothing but war could salve the wounded honors of Venice and Padua.

LXVIII

Whether it was the injury done to the ladies' clothes by the promiscuous hurling of tarts and pears that might have been a trifle over-ripe, or whether it was the more serious trouble caused by the ducats, it seems to have been settled by general consent thereafter that no missiles were to be used on either side except flowers. These, however, seem to have become effective in the hands of a practised pitcher to a degree which would be incredible did we not have the most vivid repeated testimony to the facts.

As before intimated, it is doubtful whether medievals took family devotions as seriously as do some of our contemporaries. For the family missal was frequently decorated in a fashion to make one wonder, like Byron,

"how they

Who saw those figures in the margin kiss
all,

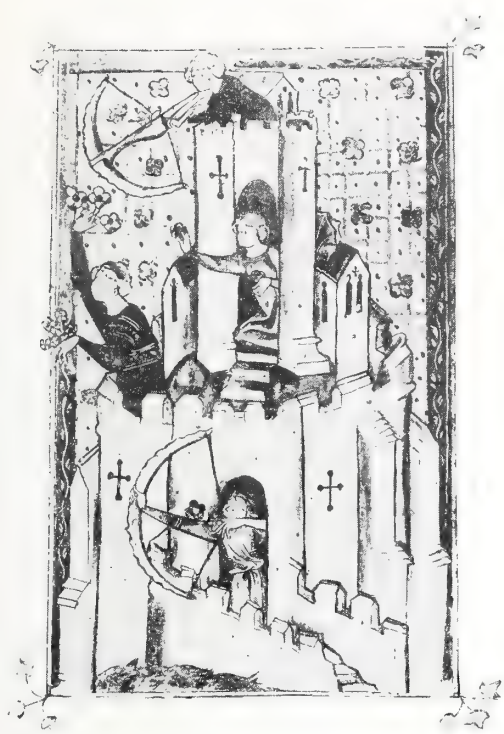
Could turn their optics to the text and
pray."

Now there are three English books, two of

III



How They Captured Castles With Roses



III

them psalters, which present faithful portrayals of the Siege of the Castle of Love. (1.) The knights are attacking in full armour, but are obviously thrown into complete confusion by the discharge of roses among them. One knight who has been rash enough to ascend a scaling ladder is struck by a single rose. Not only does it knock his helm from his head, but he loses his hold and falls to the ground. In the other psalter (2) the ladies are not content with long range warfare, but are handling the men in a style which may have given rise to the word "manhandle." At any rate, of the venturesome knights who have ascended the ladders to the assault one is being spanked and the other forced by a firm pressure upon his head to consider a rapid descent to earth. While below two damsels rush out from the gateway and twist the poor males into wild contortions.

Is it any wonder that in the third manuscript (3) the knights sit on their horses at a safe distance, take a long look at the

bent brows and bent bows of the damsels, and seem far more inclined to parley than to commence hostilities.

The French had a pleasant art of making toilet articles out of ivory—no pyralin for them—and before the days of glass mirrors the favourite reflector for milady's bower was a polished metal plate, such as we have revived for our trench mirrors, set into a carved ivory back. And among the medieval ivories in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a charming little mirror-back chiselled to represent the *Chateau d'Amour*. (4.) And in the highest tower Dan Cupid is shown getting in a deadly shot with his little bow.

At the Metropolitan Museum there is also an ivory casket, on the lid of which we see the siege of the castle being pressed in a highly scientific manner. (5.) On the right a machine corresponding to our trench mortar is being loaded with a basket of flowers. These must have proved a most efficacious weapon, for on the other side we find that the ladies have surrendered. One is handing over a sword, another is riding off on horseback with a knight, and a third is rowed off in a boat.

Mural paintings, enamels, and tapestries—all continued to reflect in art the favourite pastime of courts. Bluff King Hal of the six



IV

How They Captured Castles With Roses



V.

wives not only had a set of tapestries of the City of Ladies, but right lustily took part in the game itself. On New Year's Eve, 1512, a castle, occupied by six ladies, and labelled "*La Fortresse Dangerous*," was carried about the hall. "After the Queen had beheld it, in came the king with five other. These six assaulted the castle. The ladies seeing them so lusty and courageous, were content to solace with them, and upon further communication to yield the castle. And so they came down and danced a long space."

A sixteenth century Flemish tapestry represents pretty closely the costume and the manner in which the game was played at Henry's court. The persons are all labelled to represent qualities; the men who attack, Visage, Churlishness and Pride. The ladies armed with halberds, are Evil Hate, Churlish who beat them off with a lash of flowers and

a crossbow loaded with a rose are Gaiety and Generosity. Above the battle the God of Love sits enthroned.

Curiously enough, far down into the eighteenth century this joyous custom survived at the Swiss town of Fribourg. A wooden castle was erected, the ladies occupied it and the gentlemen attacked it. Flowers hurtled through the air like snow-flakes. Of course, the outcome was inevitable. Each of the ladies chose one of the victors and paid him a rose and a kiss as ransom. Afterwards while the ladies returned to their houses and showered the heroes from their windows with rose petals and perfumes, the victors rode on horseback through the streets. And only a hundred years ago the young people in the vineyards of Fribourg and Vaud used to sing:

"Chateau d'amour, te veux-tu pas rendre?
Veux-tu te rendre, ou tenir bon?"

Luminos



LUMINO

WM. C. CORNWELL

L UMINOS BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

WHEN writing upon Mr. William C. Cornwell and his luminos, the question must sooner or later arise, "What are luminos and how do they affect art?" The great difficulty in answering this perfectly justifiable question lies in the fact that no one seems to know with any certainty what exactly art is. Several years ago a book was published under the magic authorship of Clive Bell and its title left nothing to be desired. It was "Art." Now at length we were to be authoritatively informed as to what constitutes art. The frontispiece was an old Persian pot and, to a layman and possibly to some artists, appeared to have little to recommend it beyond the reverence which we are fain to accord to objects which have survived the centuries. But doubtless the text would put us in the position for all time to declare, in all good faith, as at the douane, when a Persian pot is a pot of art and when it is a plain pot. We hugged

the book fiercely and hurried home to enjoy the threatend reincarnation, but alas for all human hopes, and especially for our prostrate faith in Clive Bell, the dawn discovered us with the book-ended and just as far off a solution as ever. The information (excellent of its kind and entertainingly conceived) omitted to say what was art but furnished a clue to its discovery by declaring that "significant form" is the basis of art and that nothing may be accounted art without it. It forms, so to speak, the marriage certificate, failing which no Persian pot can be respectable. We feel that far from advancing in our search for truth, we have retrograded, for before recognizing art we must pass an examination in significant form.

But let us leave Clive Bells and Persian pots for a while and take up Cornwell and luminos which, as they affect us emotionally, we intend to regard as art whether they possess significant form or not.

At first blush, doubt might attach to this surrender, seeing that luminos consist of paper not even coloured by the artist's hand,

Luminos

and are dependent upon electrical displays behind them for their effect. When however we take into account that Mr. William Cornwell is a shrewd business man, a banker of note, and the editor of an important banking paper that goes to all parts of the world, it cries a halt to any adverse judgment, any prejudice, conceived without a knowledge of his work far greater than mere hearsay that he creates fine pictures by layers of coloured tissue paper with the aid of an electric battery. But it must be observed that Cornwell is an artist and could express himself in half a dozen media if he chose to, the result of an art training in Paris followed by drawing and painting as a hobby but not as a profession. That such a man in the fullness of years should elect to spend time without stint in experimenting in this new art until he has attained professional adroitness and the ability to charm all who have had the good fortune to see his products, must satisfy the veriest sceptic that there is more in *luminos* than meets the eye that has not beheld them.

Luminos have obtained a certain amount of notice and publicity but not nearly enough, the fault of which lies not in any inherent weakness in the idea or execution, but solely in the fact that the time of a great banker has been too much invaded upon to permit him the facilities of displaying his pictures publicly. On a few occasions, he has consented to invite a few friends and members of the press to see them, but the process entails a vast amount of planning, carpentry, and electrical work that, even though others can manage the manual labour involved, still demand his supervision and advice.

The principle is that of light and colour combination obtained by pasting strips of paper upon glass illumed from the back by strong light. The idea arose in Cornwell's mind some years ago when asked to arrange some plan of decoration at an entertainment to be given by the City Club where he was then residing. The long windows of the ball-room formed at once the problem and the key. He observed that layers of paper of different colours placed with regard to colour values made the windows look like a painted canvas.

From then on the artist in Cornwell re-awoke and all his spare time fell to experimenting with results that are truly astonishing and capable of application wherever light and colour can be decoratively employed. That the processes are to some extent mechanical does not in the least destroy the feeling that here we are encountering something that could only proceed from the brain and manipulation of an artist. Inasmuch as the main principles are colour and lighting, it is obviously impossible in our illustrations to do more than indicate the kind of subject he selects for his operations.

In the hands of a mere mechanic with a certain taste for theatrical illusions, *luminos* would hardly strike a new note and would certainly leave art-lovers unthrilled, but in the hands of a real artist who has devoted years of study and experiment to the perfecting of his device *luminos* enter boldly into the little kingdom of art without any fear of disfavour. Art has many outlets, all of them being independent the one of the other, and *luminos* do not conflict with or contradict accepted channels but claim friendly recognition in the general scheme of decoration which art encourages and calls for. A visit to the artist's home where these pictures are in operation proves the unfathomable degree of artistic pleasure that can be derived from a scheme of decoration that is independent of Old Masters, modern masters, statuary, or pottery, and yet can lose nothing by association with them. There is a complete bond between them affected adversely by the propinquity of *luminos*. There is a complete bond between them which would be impossible were there not an art relationship between them. In a word, *luminos* are a beautiful decoration in and by themselves or may be used with perfect confidence with other objects of art governed and selected by good taste and arrangement.

There is nothing to prevent anybody from getting happy results in imitation of this device but it will take an artist of the calibre of William Cornwell to do anything that is really worth while and of sufficient dignity to be chronicled.

Editor's Note.—This device has been patented in the U. S. Patent Office.



LUMINO
WM. C. CORNWELL



MISS MANSHIP (AGED 3 DAYS)
PAUL MANSHIP

Two Amazing Portraits

TWO AMAZING PORTRAITS BY
PAUL MANSHIP
FRANK OWEN PAYNE

WHEN the unique sculptures of Paul Manship began to appear, there was a marked ripple in the world of art. For here was something new and original done in a style more ancient than Cheops or Babel. Art lovers everywhere stood at attention. Differences in taste and judgment soon arrayed his critics into two opposing camps as it were. The one of these camps was composed of enthusiastic admirers who saw in Manship's strange creations something full of beauty and mystery well deserving careful study. The other party questioned the style as a too obvious return to the archaic.

Outside the realm of art criticism the phenomenal growth in popularity of Mr. Manship's work very soon placed him among the foremost sculptors of our day. All classes, whether artist or layman, were at one in their unqualified praise of his marvellous technique. The highest compliment which could be paid to any artist was his when other artists began to copy his style. His imitators have been legion, so that it seems as if there is likely to arise what may be denominated a Manship School of American Sculpture.

Apropos of imitators, let it be at once declared in passing, that there is no other sculptor, living or dead, whose work is more difficult to imitate. Manship stands practically alone in sculptural technique. His works defy imitation as do those of Benvenuto Cellini. They are supreme!

For the greater part of his sculptures, Mr. Manship has devoted his attention to classical and idealistic themes. His creations are full of beautiful lines and subtle curves. They exhibit a masterful treatment of planes and surfaces. There is rhythm of movement in everything that he has accomplished in plastic art. His works present a high degree of poetic fancy in the choice of subject matter. Over all there seems to be a veil of weirdness and about his work there is an atmosphere of mystery. There is, moreover, a profound richness of symbolism in the art of Manship that constrains one to pause, to ponder and makes

one carry away with him something as haunting as an enchanting phrase of music.

The ardent admirers of Manship's art have often wondered whether this gifted artist would ever forsake the remarkable manner which has made him famous, and turn attention to more realistic fields of sculpture. It were indeed a pity to leave those realms of exquisite idealism for the less poetic fields of artistic endeavour. On one occasion the writer asked Mr. Manship point-blank if he would treat a portrait in the same manner in which the details of his other works are wrought. His answer was: "Why not?" So we have been waiting and wondering to see what his efforts at portraiture might be. If any there be who have thought that Manship's work belongs exclusively to the realm of decorative sculpture, they must soon discover in the two extraordinary portraits illustrated herewith, the fact that the sculptor has now proved himself to be one of the very greatest portrait artists of all time. We declare this without fear of contradiction.

The two works referred to are the likeness of Mr. Manship's infant daughter done when she was only *three days old*, and to the recently completed portrait of John D. Rockefeller, who posed for it at the age of *eighty-six years*. In the one we have probably the youngest infant ever delineated by the sculptor's chisel. It is an amazing piece of work. All the immaturity, the almost uncanniness, of a newly born babe is there depicted. How helpless it lies there in its swaddling clothes! It is quite impossible for one to realize that it is marble so manipulated as to simulate the extreme softness and delicacy of infant human flesh. We believe that this work stands alone in its realism among child sculptures.

Indeed, the manner in which the artist has set this unique creation, giving to it as he does, something of the dignity which medieval artists gave to their representations of the Christ Child, is evidence of the great love and devotion which, as a father, he bears toward his first born child. It is little wonder that it was purchased and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it occupies a prominent place.

In the second work we have a most realistic



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
PAUL MANSHIP

Two Amazing Portraits

portrait of an old man, a very old man. We have never before seen such a convincing picture of senility as this portrait of the Oil King. To attempt to describe it is not within the limits of the present paper, much less within the powers of the writer. It must be seen and studied to be fully appreciated. In the sagging cheeks and shrunk throat the extreme age of the subject is seen. There is the shrewdness and determination which are known to be characteristic of the subject. The modelling of the mouth and chin indicate these qualities. There is foresight, and penetration and organizing power in the cast of countenance. There are traces of that benevolence and philanthropy which have made the name of Rockefeller a synonym for great giving. Over all the artist has thrown a veil of religious expression.

Perhaps there are others among our sculptors who might produce a portrait bearing all these characteristics. It is the marvellous execution of this work which defies imitation. Here the artist has brought into use his very

highest talent for modelling and carving. The marble is of the finest variety. It is semi-translucent, like chalcedony, and it has been tinted to a delicate cream colour like ivory. The artist has departed from present day practise and like the ancients, he has tinted the iris of the eye blue, like that of the subject. Truly this portrait of Rockefeller is the most realistic likeness of modern times. No other American sculptor has dared to create such a work. No other portrait bust can compare with it.

Thus in these two remarkable works, Paulanship has covered the entire span of human life. If any one wonders what he can accomplish in portraiture let him contemplate that incomparable infant in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, after which let him turn to this amazing portrait of the founder of the Standard Oil Trust. This may be great praise but we feel confident that Manship has presented in these works convincing examples of his art at its highest point. He has given to us the greatest portrait sculpture hitherto produced in America.



WATERCOLOUR

THE LATE W. H. DE B. NELSON

Laurelton Studios : A New Idea

LAURELTON STUDIOS: A NEW
IDEA
BY CHARLES DE KAY

HAVING spent more than half a century in pursuit, along various paths, of that illusive nymph called Art, it has seemed well to Louis Comfort Tiffany to take thought concerning the difficulties that beset the way of the artist and devise some plan through which he himself might be of practical benefit to the rising worker. Though a member of the National Academy of Design and a charter member of the Society of American Artists, and therefore primarily a painter, he branched out in mosaic, stained glass and enamel, in lustre glass and pottery, even in textiles, wherever he felt that his sense of colour might find satisfaction. What has always moved him, with regard to young artists who have done with the schools, is their inability to meet the struggle for bread without sacrificing the time and energy needed for success in art. Having turned this over in his mind for several years, he came to the conclusion that a beginning might be made by providing a limited number of young workers with a beautiful and stimulating environment. For this purpose he has established a Foundation and proceeded to adapt his own country home, Laurelton on Cold Spring Harbour, Long Island, to the needs of such a venture.

For venture it is. Only the future can determine the success or failure of it. There is no precedent to follow, neither here nor abroad. Neither William Morris nor Hubert Herkomer in England with his art colony or his school affords a parallel, nor can we consider the guilds and craft-centres of some centuries back as guides. Mr. Tiffany's idea is neither a school nor a commercial venture; rather it is a place where artists may abide in comfort without proffer of advice or any influence urging toward one art direction or the other, there at their leisure to mature their own designs, follow their own dreams, pursue their own ideals. Encouragement of talent, not the production of paying art work, is the aim.

Laurelton Hall looks from its wooded hills onto the broad inlet just east of Oyster Bay and so across Long Island Sound to the main-

land. The estate of which it is the centre has all the variety of land and shore a painter may want, while the Hall itself offers a singularly rich and well selected series of art collections made by Mr. Tiffany in the course of years, among which Oriental objects have a prominent place. The hothouses contain rare and beautiful flowers and trees from the tropics, while all about the Hall are garden and wild flowers belonging to our climate, not scattered but so arranged as to bloom successively as the summer advances into masses of splendid colour.

Flower painters, landscape and marine painters, students of domestic animals and wild, as well as those interested in the arts of the Chinese or American Indians, find Laurelton Hall and its neighbourhood full of matters suggestive; should they care to pursue a subject in books, they can find what they need in the art library at the Hall.

For the first year, which began May 1, 1920, only fifteen guests were accommodated, paying guests for whom pleasant studios, baths, bedrooms, refectory, kitchen, etc., were prepared in a building near the Hall where they have all the privacy they want. The Hall serves on occasion or assembly place, museum, library. Some of the studios are for painters, others for sculptors, while a large workroom is for artcrafters and jewelry designers. There are to be no instructors, although from time to time certain leading artists come to Laurelton to quiz the work of those entering for scholarships and decide the awards; or else simply as guests and visitors, to lend the young artists their sympathy, should the latter wish to have them look at their work.

Among painters and sculptors of note who have visited the Foundation recently are Messrs. Robert Aitken, Paul Manship and Childe Hassam, Joseph Pennell, Robert Vonnoh, Gifford Beale and Eliot Clark, Barry Faulkner, the mural painter, and among architects are Lloyd Warren. The American Federation of Arts came in a representative body. And while suggestions were not lacking to meet the varied characters of the visitors the general verdict was favourable.

Whatever Louis C. Tiffany attempts he carries out with scrupulous care. This long-pon-



CENTRAL DRAWING-ROOM AND WATER-COURT,
LAURELTON

Laurelton Studios: A New Idea

dered and well-based Foundation, while of course an experiment, cannot fail of success on the limited scale it is now undertaken. The first need was to secure the right kind of artists, neither untaught students nor mature proficient, but young men of promise. If comparisons were not misleading, one might point to the post graduate course of colleges; but while the latter is a course of specializing under notable teachers, in this case the graduate of studio or art school gets no instruction; he specializes by himself. For a nominal fee he receives board, lodging and attendance as a paying guest of the Foundation, with the chance to win a scholarship; only in return will he be expected to produce something in an art sense worth while, following his own methods and carrying out his own ideas. At present the guest is invited for the season only; it will depend on his work whether he will be notified that a place is kept for him the season following.

Very naturally there were many applications for summerings at Laurelton Hall in such delightful surroundings ever since the news of Mr. Tiffany's Foundation appeared in the press; but the number of studios being limited and great stress being laid on the character of the applicant's work, more or less red tape was unwound before the decision was made. Various art schools and art societies were addressed by Mr. Stanley Lothrop, the manager at Oyster Bay, asking them to recommend young men likely to appreciate a stay of three or six months or longer at the Laurelton Hall studios; there is no intention on the part of Mr. Tiffany however, to pin his faith to those thus recommended. The object is to invite men who have the instinct of art strong within them and have had a reasonable amount of instruction, men who know how to use their tools and will take full advantage of the opportunity given them to carry out whatever work they are "just longing" to tackle.

In the old days before the Civil War when Oyster Bay was a sleepy little village and the landlocked harbour rarely saw a yacht or a revenue cutter; when New York, some thirty miles away, was reached by steamboat or sloop, there were few summer residences and

still fewer residents who cared for art. Centre Island, Sagamore Hill and the pleasant margins of Cold Spring Harbour had no country houses, bungalows, homes of gentlemen farmers. Good roads there were, though none of the best, yet the beauty of the views along this part of the north shore, the glimpses of the noble Sound, the picturesque villages with their mill-ponds and brooks, the great masses of woodland and sudden vistas into bays and inlets were there as they are today. Oyster Bay is now more town than village and the roads are broader and more smooth; the greatest change is the building of summer homes of varied architecture on all the roads that radiate east, west and south, and the presence in the harbour of yachts and sailboats galore. The timid terrapin still lingers in the shallows, raccoon and possum and fox are not extinct and if the bays are no longer thronged with wild duck, the woods are full of birds despite the lawless pothunter. Laurelton Hall lies well away from the village in its own demesne, quiet, contemplative, a place for dreams and the working out of dreams into objective reality.

It is here that Mr. Tiffany is testing this new idea of a guest-house for young artists. In a building not far from the Hall there is a gallery of modern paintings by different hands; a chapel contains an altar rich in mosaics and windows of stained glass. The Hall is notable for many things beside his collections and art library. Water flowing by open channels through a central drawingroom on the ground floor supplies a fountain; it is a room filled with growing flowers. Flowers abound on the terrace overlooking Cold Spring Harbour; windows of lustre and opalescent glass from the glass kilns at Corona decorate the reading room on the same floor. Elsewhere one finds a famous collection of Japanese swordguards and other objects that speak for the arts of China and Byzantium, India and Persia. It is an old house, is Laurelton Hall; it has grown by accretions of wings, terraces, hot-houses, porches; not old enough to be venerable, yet offering evidence of having been the home of a family and only enlarged to meet the needs of an artist—and incidentally a great lover of flowers and a col-

Laurelton Studios: A New Idea



SOUTH FACADE, LAURELTON

lector of objects of art. From the Hall as the centre it is but a short walk to the studios, the picture gallery, the chapel, the woods, the water, while the village, or call it the townlet of Oyster Bay is fifteen minutes distant by automobile.

So far there has been little or no employment of the model in the studios because it was found that the schools in which they were trained had rather overdone this feature for the students, indeed had starved them of nature work in landscape, the painting of flowers, the decorative treatment of natural form. The sculptors especially have found here an exceptional place for working out decorative problems from nature instead of following the hackneyed path of plaster cast and body designs. There has been some original work done in designs for jewelry, a jeweler and

silver worker's shop having been outfitted for the purpose.

Saturday afternoon has been set apart for visitors and in time it is proposed to hold in New York small exhibits of the work done by Foundation scholars whenever this proves of sufficient artistic worth.

In some respects Mr. Tiffany's plan is the most important move in American art since the formation of the Society of American Artists, now merged with the National Academy of Design. The American Academy at Rome provides scholarships for artists to reside abroad while this plan assists them in their work at home. Both are excellent in their several ways and it may be that as the Tiffany Foundation develops the home plan will prove to be an aid rather than a rival to the foreign.

Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEW

B WILDERNESS, A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska by Rockwell Kent, New York. Putnam's. 1920.

WILDERNESS is an intimate account of the daily life of the artist and his ten-year-old son who went up to Alaska to paint. They lived on a little island in Resurrection Bay about thirteen miles from Seward. The only other inhabitant of the island was an old Alaska pioneer named Olson, a very lovable and genuine character as his personality is to breed for their skins. He found the artists, sketched in these pages. He kept a few goats and a pair of blue foxes which he was trying father and son, rowing around in the bay looking for a site to spend the winter, and forthwith invited them to his island. In due time they were comfortably installed in a made-over goat cabin and prepared to brave the rigours of an Alaska winter.

It is a simple story that is told in these pages, a genuine case of "plain living and high thinking." Kent tells of the daily chores of cooking and chopping wood, of the books he took with him and read, of the drawings and pictures he made; he tells of the pets the little boy had among the animals, magpies, porcupines, goats, etc., of his bathing and romping they made on the island and the bay. Much about in the snow, and of the exploring trips is made of Christmas time and the celebration is described in great detail. Glimpses are given of the old pioneer Olson, his stories of adventure are retold, extracts from his diary are given in their own quaint spelling. It is a chronicle of the simple life free from the complexities and multitudinous distractions of city life. It therefore has all the charm and freshness that simple genuine things have for the tensely-keyed city dweller. There are exciting moments in the narrative, too, such as, for example, the recital of how a storm overtook father and son while out in a small boat and how they narrowly escaped disaster.

Written as it was without thought of publication, there is a genuine ring to it and as such is a great revelation of character, both in strength and in weakness. To save duplication in letter writing Kent would jot down the daily events in the form of a diary, installments of which he would send off to

circulate among his family and intimate friends. It was this diary, together with extracts from other letters, that formed the basis of the book. Dorothy Canfield writes an illuminating introduction to the whole.

There are reproductions of about 45 of Kent's Alaska drawings. Among the most notable may be mentioned *The Hermit Series*, *The Pioneer's Life Series*, *North Wind*, *Snow Queen*, *Superman*, *Unknown Waters*, and *Rain Torrents*. Several of the boy's drawings are also reproduced, imaginative and beautiful pictures of animals.

An extract will suffice to give some idea of the original text:

"Alaska can be cold! Monday broke all records for the winter. Tuesday made that seem balmy. It was so bitterly cold here last night in our 'tight little cabin' that we had to laugh. Until ten o'clock when I went to bed the large stove was continuously red hot and running at full blast. And yet by then the water pails were frozen two inches thick—but ten feet from the stove and open water at supper time; my fountain pen was frozen on the table, Rockwell required a hot water bottle in bed, the fox food was solid ice, my paste was frozen, and that's all. My potatoes and milk I had stood near the stove. At twelve o'clock the clock stopped—starting again from the warmth of breakfast cooking. I put the water pail at night behind the stove close to it, and yet it was solid in the morning. We burn an unbelievable amount of wood, at least a cord a week in one stove. So I figure we earn a dollar a day cutting wood. We felled another tree today and cut most of it up. Still we manage to gain steadily with our wood pile always in anticipation of worse weather. Last night at sundown the bay appeared indescribably dramatic. Dense clouds of vapour were rising from the water obscuring all but a few peaks of the mountain and darkening the bay. But above, the sun shone dazzlingly on the peaks and through the thinner vapour, colouring this like flames. It was as if a terrible fire raged over the bay. This morning for hours it was dark from clouds of vapour. They swept in over our land and coated the trees of the shore with white frost."

William H. de B. Nelson

September 27th, 1920

THE sudden passing of W. H. de B. Nelson, for eight years the Editor of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, cannot but come as a shock and a loss to the wide circle which he included in his interest, sympathy and friendship.

Not an editor of the business type, Mr. Nelson represented that older and now more rare type, to which editing was an intensely personal matter, a fabric of many sympathies and many friendships. He had a very definite personality, and in all his editorial and critical works, he reacted warmly to the personalities of those with whom he came in contact. Himself a painter, he thought and wrote in terms of understanding, colouring his criticisms with kindly satire and friendly badinage.

The criticism of art has always been a delicate and difficult matter, and at no time more than at present has been noticeable a greater scarcity of able critics. Combined with his knowledge and perception of the trend of modern art, and the work of the painters of today, Mr. Nelson was gifted with a happy facility for writing which made his criticisms read with double interest and pleasure.

But his work stands where all may read, as many have read, and it is rather of the man himself that I would speak, recalling to those who knew him an ever-genial, ever-interested friend, and giving to those who did not know him some little human pictures of the late Editor of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*.

Extensive travel, some years in British diplomatic work, varied experience, a love of beautiful things made him a conversationalist of unusual interest—and the art of conversation is fast becoming a lost art. And with all that went to make up the more serious side of his nature, all who knew him will remember that every contact, whether in the editorial office, at a lunch table in Keene's, or under the north light of a studio, was illumined by instantaneous but ever-recurrent flashes of wit and humour.

I think, somehow, that one of the most real memories of Mr. Nelson that I would wish to record is a memory of him surrounded by friends. To say, as I said at first, that he was a man of many friendships is to make a trite observation—unless I add that it was, in this case, unusually true. One remembers him always, it seems, in the act of having just left one friend and hurrying to join another. And he was never happier than when he had a group of his friends all together at a time.

At the time of writing this, many of Mr. Nelson's most esteemed friends chance to be in Europe—Christian Brinton, Raymond Wyer and Martin Birnbaum—but it is to be hoped that these and many who are nearer at hand will feel impelled to write a few words of recollection and reminiscence for publication in the next issue of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*.

Certainly a distinct loss will be felt by a greater number of painters and sculptors than could be easily enumerated.

But as a final thought, and with a vivid recollection of the man himself, if I were to write of the extent to which he, from his own point of view, attained his objective, a very well-known, but abidingly pleasant quotation would come into my mind:

“From life's earliest beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends—
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends,”

—and I would feel that Mr. Nelson had, in full measure, won these.

MATLACK PRICE.

LXXXIII

Sept. 28, 1920,
N. Y. C.

In the passing on of W. H. de B. Nelson, whom it was my privilege to call friend, contemporary art loses one of its most devoted, sympathetic and profound personalities.

Himself an artist of unusual technical accomplishment in his chosen medium, yet a man with that rare quality to see and recognize merit wherever found. With a broad vision and an open, unbiased mind he stood a Peer among Editors.

WILLIAM OBERHARDT.



THE LATE
W. H. DE B. NELSON



NIGHT
[From "Wilderness"]

ROCKWELL
KENT

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS OF C. M. GERE AND H. A. PAYNE. ▯

A FEW weeks ago I was discussing the work of C. M. Gere and H. A. Payne with another well-known artist who lives among the Cotswold Hills. "Don't you think," he said, "that there is something in the Cotswolds that gets hold of artists and powerfully influences their work?" He went on to name various artists, architects and craftsmen who have chosen the comparative remoteness of Gloucestershire to live and work in. All of these, he said, had come to work in something the same spirit: it is a deeply poetic spirit, dominated by great sincerity in technique and reverence for tradition. Without going so far as to claim the actual existence of a Cotswold School, in the stylistic sense, he declared that the qualities these men have in common are in the best sense conservative and English; and that, if a vital and national renaissance should take place in English art it ought to originate in Gloucestershire. ▯ ▯

Certainly, when allusion is made to

Mr. Gere or Mr. Payne, they are now more thought of in relation to something known as the "Cotswold" or "Stroud Valley" group, than as shining lights of the Birmingham School. But I confess that their change of address does not appear to coincide with any sharply-marked development in their style. The fact is that the tradition of the Birmingham School, dominated as it was by the powerful personalities of Burne-Jones and Morris, was the most healthy and national atmosphere in which to rear English artists, and men trained in that way found the Cotswolds the most congenial atmosphere to work in. It is the country where the finest English building remains to be seen in almost every village, recalling the power and beauty of continuity and tradition in work—a country where it is possible for an artist to set up his studio, as Mr. Payne has done, in a very sound little piece of thirteenth century architecture. A life of peace and sanity can be lived in the Cotswolds, undisturbed by ephemeral opinions and "movements." We may also face the dangers of it: no doubt such a life *may*



"THE VENETIAN PLAIN." WATER-
COLOUR BY C. M. GERE

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS OF C. M. GERE AND H. A. PAYNE

isolate from what is good, as well as bad, in the artistic life of our time. If quite uninspired by the special enthusiasms of his own age, a man's work may become rather retrograde in spirit: and some modern critics would probably aver that the men I am now discussing have actually been lured into a backwater of lotuses, forsaking the real stream of life. Some qualities of their figure design and composition might appear to support this idea, but it is their landscape work which discloses the truth about it. ▯

In Mr. Gere's *Varallo*, for example, here reproduced in colour, the feeling of the work is undoubtedly modern: and yet it is classical—that is, you feel no doubt but that a Venetian painter would have agreed as to its harmony, and Claude would have appreciated its composition. Its mood, too, is rather of the deep, eternal kind that we associate with classical works of painting. But you would certainly not be mistaken as to its date, you would only be unable to call it Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, Cubist

or Futurist. For it is not, like so many modern works, an experiment in technique—brilliant, or extraordinary, or even desperate as these often are. Such works have generally not much value beyond the experimental—which means that they are ephemeral. But, experiments apart, the real achievement of the artist, modern or otherwise, is to represent things which are neither ancient, modern nor future but eternal, and in the spirit of beauty, which is something more eternal still. And, oddly enough, when he succeeds, his success is always quietly but unmistakably modern: which is the case with Mr. Gere's landscape paintings. ▯ ▯

This painter's landscapes impress one chiefly, at first, by their power of design. The shapes of things seen are serene, balanced, harmonious, and the tone and colour always falls naturally into a definite and simple scheme—a feature very noticeable in *A Cotswold Quarry* (below) a subject of storm-cloud and sunlight which might almost be called "Variations upon four colours." But these paintings owe



"A COTSWOLD QUARRY"
BY C. M. GERE

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS OF C. M. GERE AND H. A. PAYNE



"A WELSH FARM." WATER-COLOUR BY C. M. GERE

their existence to the sincerest outdoor study, and you can see that they are full of first-hand observation of Nature. Indeed, the opposite qualities of true representation and original creation are so well balanced in Mr. Gere's work that its existence is specially good in these days, when some theorists assert that likeness to Nature is a purely accidental and unnecessary quality of art, nearly exasperating others into a declaration of Realism as the whole mission of painting.

Mr. Gere's training was of the sort that might well develop this quality of balance between Nature and design. In his Birmingham days he worked personally for William Morris, subordinating his representative skill to the just re-discovered and delightful traditions of decorative art, and also to the exacting and limiting technique of the wood engraver. At this time, also, he did some painting of a Ruskinian elaboration and detailed finish. And much of this still went on

when he had begun his painting tours in Italy, revelling in mountains and clouds, and in untrammelled and autonomous expression of them. But the love of a severe and sound technique is ingrained in a man: its happiest result with Mr. Gere has been to set him to work with tempera, in which he does so well that one would not be sorry to see him devote himself chiefly to it. In several mediums Mr. Gere has shown his power over material. *The Venetian Plain*, for example (p. 43), is most typical of the aptitude of water-colour for the most transparent and limpid effects: although elsewhere other kinds of subjects have made him use water-colour in a very different manner, which is also able and forcible. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Although Mr. Payne has been trained in very much the same spheres of influence as Mr. Gere, he has worked much more at handicrafts, and is, professionally speaking, more of a craftsman than a painter *per se*.



"OWLPEN." WATER-
COLOUR BY HENRY
A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.

His longest travels were made to study stained glass and not to paint landscapes ; and, indeed, his landscape painting has mostly been done within easy reach of his own house and garden, if not actually within the latter. And there is a rather striking difference observable between his two ways of work. His decorative work, such as stained glass and mural painting, is truly in the Morris manner, and almost hieratically designed, deeply imbued with the traditions : while his landscapes—per-

haps the more recent ones especially—are done in a holiday spirit, are pure in their enjoyment of Nature, so that their composition seems to be almost entirely unconscious. It happens that two of the present illustrations—*Owlpen* and the *Ruined House* (p. 47)—do not support this statement very well, for they are still rather decorative in spirit ; but *Evening* (p. 48) and *Morning Light* (p. 49) are much more typical of the sort of water-colours that Mr. Payne paints about Amberley when-



"THE RUINED HOUSE." WATER-
COLOUR BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S



"EVENING." WATER-COLOUR
BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.

ever he can find the time. They are very tender and sensitive in colouring, and the drawing can best be called *affectionate*, for they are essentially the works, not of ambition, but of pure affection. Perhaps it is not uncommon that, in the hours of his relaxation, something comes out of a man which he feels to be better than his greatest efforts or his most coveted commissions. Some of the beauties of these little landscapes are hardly reproducible: they are of the greatest delicacy. ♡ ♡

I think, personally, that Mr. Payne has done stained glass equal to almost any in modern times; but, when I was looking at some cartoons of previous work of this kind, he pointed to the top of one of the drawings, where a glimpse of landscape was designed to show above the aureoled heads of the saints. That, he thought, was the best thing he had ever done in glass, that little vista of trees and hills. Such a confession comes from the heart, and is of more authority than any criticism. It indicates the inspiration of landscape, I believe, to artists not specially painters of

it. It occurs to a man, while finishing his altar-piece, how much rather he would be out watching the colours of the sky or the shadows of the trees, making little pictures of them to please no one but himself: and yet it is chiefly that rarely gratified desire that makes him an artist, and the altar-piece what it is. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

That is as it may be: but certainly Mr. Payne's landscape studies are the genuine expressions of a lover, unpremeditated and direct. I have dwelt upon this one characteristic of his art because we are only discussing landscape work at the moment, and this is how it appealed to me. There are other valuable qualities in it, some of which may be seen by simply looking at these reproductions. For the artists who paint in the Cotswolds do not require a special school of criticism to interpret their work, and their common spirit, which Mr. Payne so simply expresses, is an easily comprehensible one—the love of a lovely country of green hills and stone buildings, brooded over by a sense of ancient prosperity and greatness. PHILIPPE MAIRET.



THE
STU-
DIO

"MORNING LIGHT." WATER-
COLOUR BY H. A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.
(IN THE POSSESSION OF W. A. HARVEY, ESQ.)





"TOILET." WOOD-
CUT BY M. BROWN

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Technical Education Board of the London County Council planned its first school of arts and crafts, which was opened at a house in Regent Street, nearly opposite the Polytechnic, in November, 1896. Professor Lethaby and Mr. (now Sir George) Frampton were its original directors, and for more than ten years useful work was done in Regent Street, despite cramped quarters and imperfect equipment. It was not until 1908 that the construction was finished of a school worthy of the greatest city in the world, and towards the close

of that year the London County Council established its classes for crafts and design in the vast building of grey stone that dominates the Holborn end of Southampton Row. How vast that building is no one realizes until he has been through it, from the spacious lecture hall on the ground floor to the light and airy studios on the fifth. ♦ ♦ ♦

Although on every floor there are large classrooms, studios and workshops, the space is still none too great for the army of pupils they attract, for in the eight years that have elapsed since Mr. F. V. Burridge left the Liverpool School of Art to take the post of Principal here the London County Council Central School of Art has become the largest institution of its



"FEEDING THE CALVES." LITHO-
GRAPH BY VIVIEN GRIBBLE

kind in the Kingdom, and the names of about two thousand students are on its books. Since its foundation other crafts schools have been established by the Council, and these also have made excellent progress. But last year, reverting to what was always the original intention, the Council decided that the school in Southampton Row should be its Central School in the highest sense, and that it should be provided with ample facilities for the most advanced practice in silversmiths' work and its allied crafts; textiles; stained glass and mosaic; painted, sculptured and architectural decoration; book production; furniture; dress design; and engraving. The necessary auxiliary instruction is also provided in architecture and building crafts, and in drawing and painting. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

In its present development the Central School is really a group of schools congregated under one roof, each conducted independently but working in co-ordination with the rest, and all directed

by the Principal. It may be compared in some respects with a University, and in this connection it is interesting to know that the Council has lately decided to empower its Central School to grant diplomas for craftsmanship. The award of its diploma will demand a high standard of achievement in the craft practised, and will probably be based on examination and on the production of an original



WOODCUT BY RACHEL
A. MARSHALL
(By permission of Messrs.
Heal and Son)

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



"THE SHOWER." LITHO-
GRAPH BY MARIAN ELLIS }

piece of work. The work will not be done in the school, for diplomas will only be given to men whose training has been completed, and not until they have been practising their crafts independently for at least two years. ♦ ♦ ♦

The Central School is at the head of those belonging to the London County

Council as the Royal College of Art is at the head of the Board of Education Schools; but the Central School does not, like the Royal College, undertake the training of teachers. It is essentially a school of production in which the pupils are taught to make things, and where they can practise in exceptionally favourable conditions and under the direction of experts, the crafts by which they hope to earn their livings later on. Naturally it is, and must be, principally a school for professionals, and in its earlier days at Regent Street the amateur, if not entirely shut out, was certainly not welcomed. Mr. Burridge takes a broader view. He recognises the stimulus the crafts have received in modern times through men like William Morris and Mr. Cobden Sanderson, who began as amateurs, and declines to exclude others who hope to follow in their footsteps. He thinks



WOODCUT BY RACHEL
A. MARSHALL
(By permission of Messrs.
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THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



"FAUNS." AQUATINT
BY SIDNEY LONG

that it is in many ways a good thing, both for the craftsman and the amateur, that they should work side by side at the bench. Therefore he admits the amateur, if—but only if—he is capable and keen. The same qualifications are demanded of every candidate for admission, and numbers are rejected on the ground of insufficient preliminary training. These splendidly equipped workshops are not for beginners (except in the case of the boys who work in the day technical schools) but for those who have already mastered the elements and come to Southampton Row to increase their knowledge. Over and over again the Principal has to tell prospective students that the specimens they bring him are not good enough, and to advise them to go back to the schools in which they have been working and come to him again in six months' or a year's time.

And for the students who are admitted

there must be no slackening of effort. The object of the Principal and the instructors in all the crafts is to bring out the latent qualities of their pupils, and if the pupils show signs of incapacity to develop, or lack of interest in their work, they may find that the Central School has no further use for them. Mr. BurrIDGE has the power of selection, and he would like, if it were possible, to control the leaving of the pupils as well as their admission; to forbid them to apply for posts as craftsmen until he was sure that they were properly trained.

This desire must be common to every conscientious teacher of crafts, for it is injurious to the reputation of training classes generally for an immature student to apply for an engagement on the strength of crude designs and imperfect specimens of workmanship. The manufacturer, when he looks at them and hears that their author is the product of some well-

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



"THE LANDGATE, RYE — EARLY MORNING." WOODCUT BY M. BERRIDGE

known crafts school, is apt to regard the work before him as typical, and to condemn unjustly alike the institution and the system. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

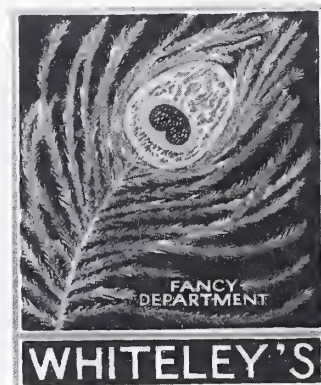
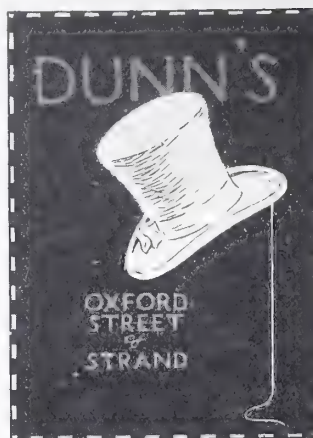
In the case of the boys of thirteen or fourteen who join the day technical schools in silversmiths' and jewellers' work, or in book production, there is an understanding that they shall remain in the school until they are about sixteen. Their courses of instruction cover a period of about three years, and include not only technical training but the improvement of their general education, which is under the direction of specially appointed teachers. They all seem happy and busy enough at Southampton Row, and they should be, for everything is

done to make their work attractive. At the end of their courses they are apprenticed to firms of recognised standing, and the time spent in the school is counted as two years of their period of apprenticeship. This is a valuable feature of the work of the Central School, and its usefulness is recognized by the employers and the trade unions, who are directly represented in the Consultative Committees that advise and assist the Council. Among other things the boys issue a magazine, for the writing and printing of which they are entirely responsible, as well as for the woodcuts that form the illustrations. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

On the first floor is the school of silversmiths' work and the allied crafts, directed



FROM A WOODCUT
BY NORA WRIGHT



DESIGNS FOR POSTERS. LITHO-
GRAPHS BY ALFRED A. BESTALL

by Mr. W. Augustus Steward. The allied crafts taught here include jewellery, diamond mounting, die-sinking, metal seal-engraving, decorative metal work, enamelling, bronze and other metal casting, and electrotyping. The book production school is on the second floor, and includes a complete printing equipment; and classes for writing, lettering and illumination, etching, line engraving and mezzotint, wood engraving, music engraving and lithography; as well as everything connected with bookbinding. The third floor is almost monopolized by the school of furniture, in which

excellent work shown is produced by the pupils of Mr. Charles Spooner and his colleagues. The furniture shop is one of the largest in the building. Adjoining it are rooms for upholstery and furniture designing, a studio for general drawing, and a woodcarving school.

On the fourth floor is a large studio for general modelling; rooms for modelling from the life, both for men and women students; the book illustration class under Mr. Noel Rooke; and a stone carving studio.

There are no passenger lifts at present at the Central School, but the ascent by

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



BEATRICE V. HOOD

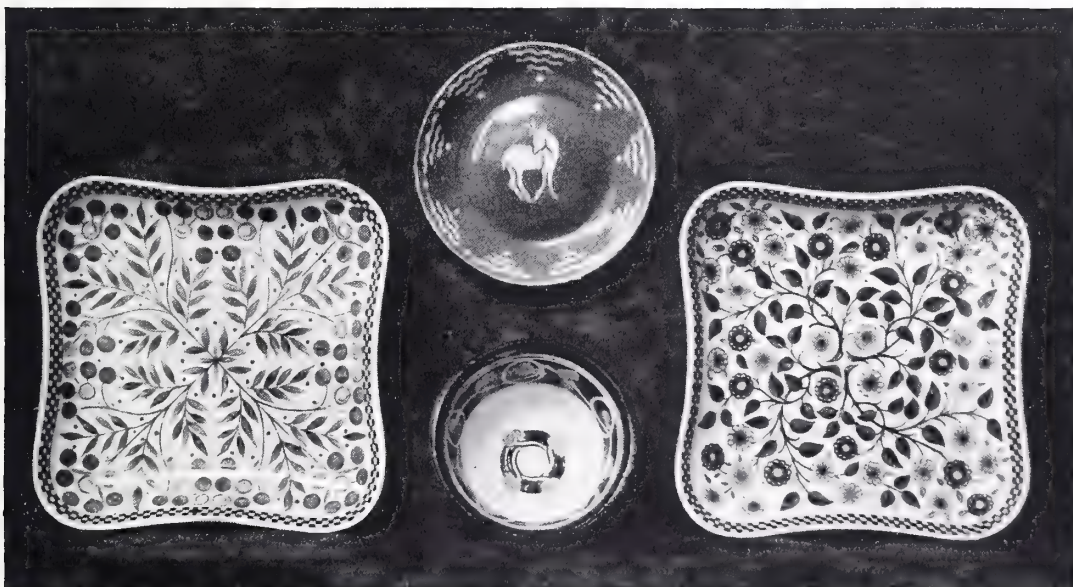
MRS. CAYLEY ROBINSON

GERTRUDE E. COHEN

POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY STUDENTS OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

numerous stairs to the topmost height is worth making apart from the prospect of examining the studios and workshops on the fifth floor, for the great building in Southampton Row towers above the neighbouring houses, and from its summit is to be obtained a marvellous view of London and the country round it for many miles, spread out like a map. Here,

out of the din, is the stained-glass studio where the pupils of Mr. Karl Parsons and Mr. A. J. Drury are taught to do everything with window glass except actually to make it. Here, too, is the school of textiles and costume, where, within the last year or two, looms have been set up, and the swiftly moving fingers of men and women can be seen



ANNIE E. MAULE

RACHEL A. MARSHALL
WINIFRED S. WILLIAMS

ANNIE E. MAULE

POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY STUDENTS OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



EVANGELISTS' EMBLEMS (4) IN COPPER, CLOISSONNÉ, BY A. N. KIRK; TWO CIRCULAR PLAQUES, PAINTED ENAMEL, BY KATHLEEN DRUMMOND; PIERCED METAL BROOCH BY A. C. ROBERTON

PECTORAL CROSS, SILVER, CLOISSONNÉ, BY WINIFRED WHITESIDE; KNIGHT PANEL, SILVER, CLOISSONNÉ, BY A. N. KIRK; THREE HERALDIC SHIELDS, BY DAY TECHNICAL PUPILS

EXAMPLES OF WORK BY STUDENTS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SILVERSMITHING AND JEWELLERY, LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

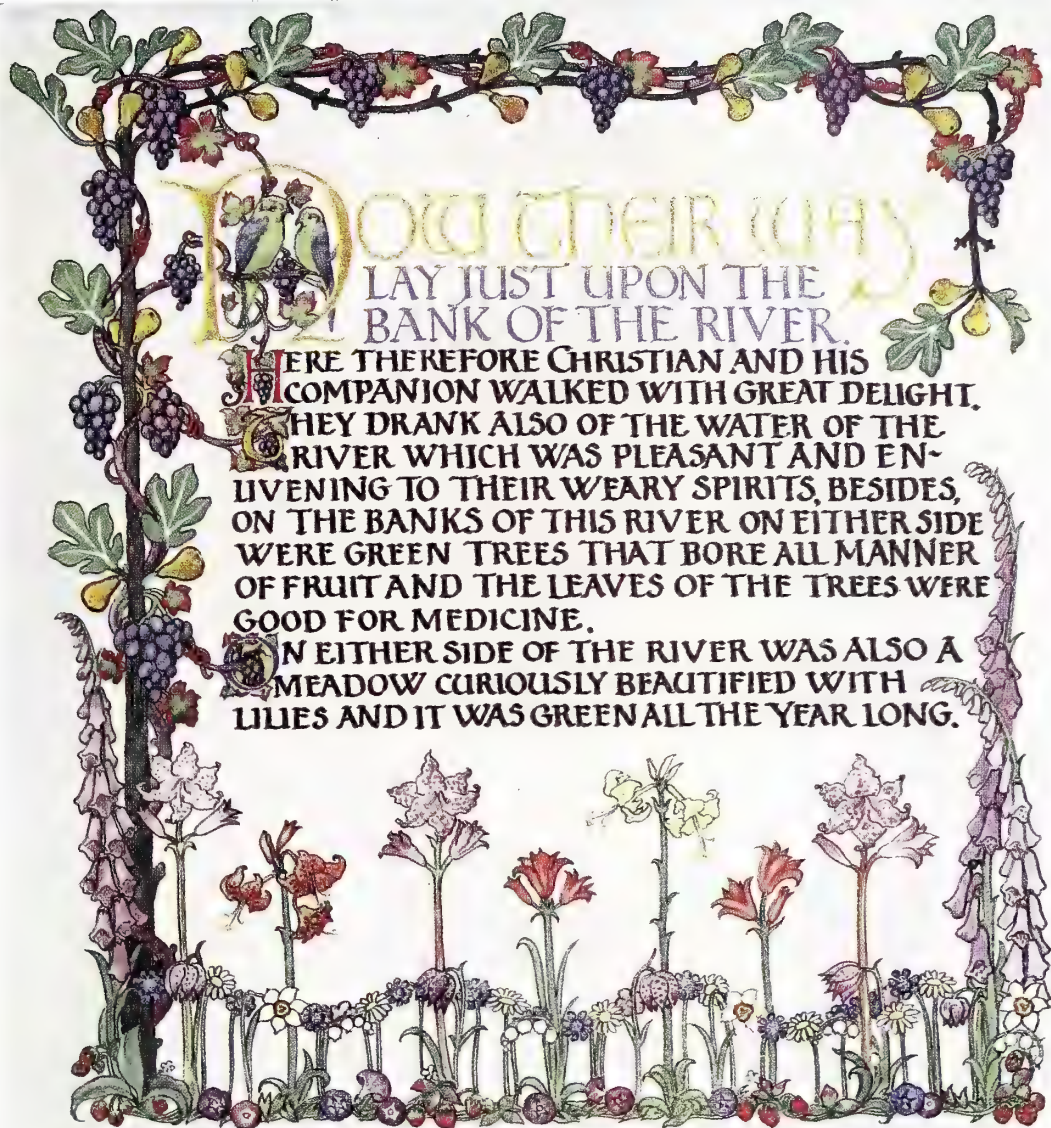
translating designs sketched on paper into colour and rich fabric. ♦ ♦

Some of the weavers are disabled ex-service men, numbers of whom are just now at the Central School learning different crafts, and in most cases making excellent progress. Many of them, in fact, have finished their training and have obtained permanent employment in the trades they took up. Examples of the work done by these men, in furniture jewellery and weaving, were shown at the recent school exhibition, and were tributes alike to their intelligence and industry and to the care and skill of their teachers. The classes for training them were organized in conjunction with the Ministry of Labour and the London War Pensions Committee. Their instruction in silversmiths' and jewellers' work is undertaken by Mr. W. A. Steward, Mr. G. H. Lovering and Mr. F. F. Henes; in cabinet making by Mr. C. Spooner, Mr. E. P. Stokes and Mr.

A. T. Payne; and in tapestry and rug weaving by Mr. Luther Hooper and Mr. W. Taylor. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

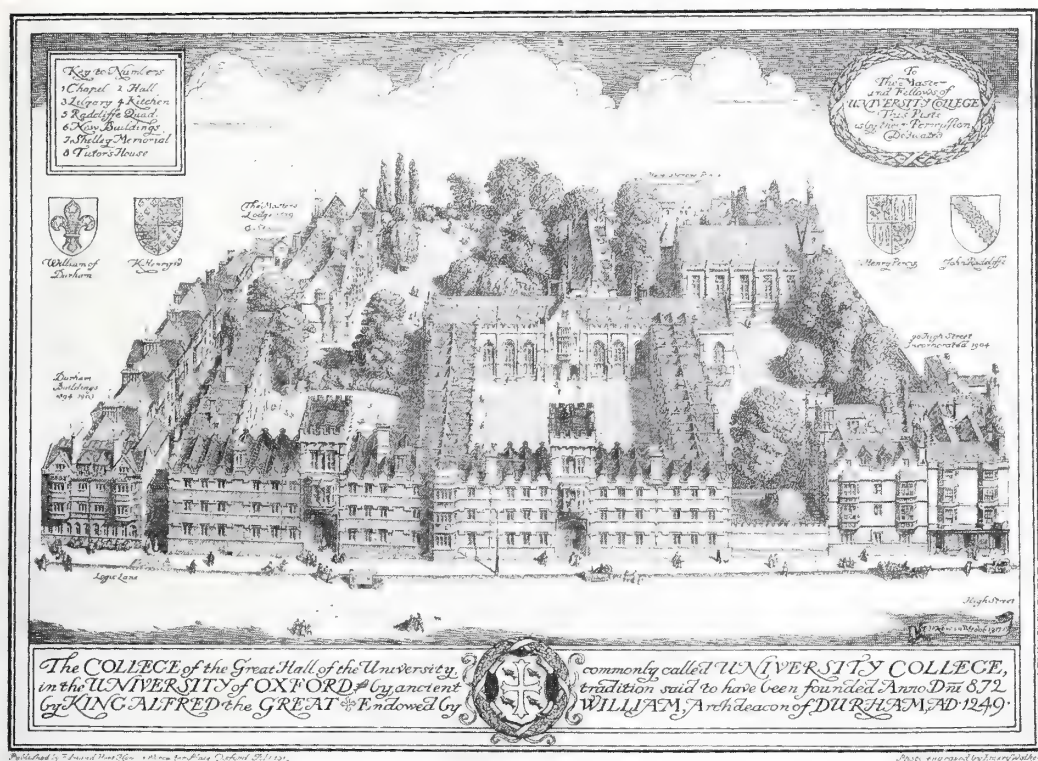
Such studies as drawing, painting and modelling from the life are of course secondary to the main intention of the Central School, which is to preserve the ancient traditions of British handicrafts, while furthering their modern development in design and execution. But if secondary they are essential to the advanced student of design, and it is satisfactory to see from the exhibited works that the standard here of drawing from the life is as high as it is in craftsmanship. An interesting essay by two of the students in the life class, Miss Jackson and Miss Haythorne, is in progress at the top of the principal staircase, a wall painting in fresco of a London street scene, gay and bright in colour, and treated throughout with attractive simplicity. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

WILLIAM T. WHITLEY.



THE
STU-
DIO

ILLUMINATED TEXT FROM
"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."
BY M. C. BOWERLEY.



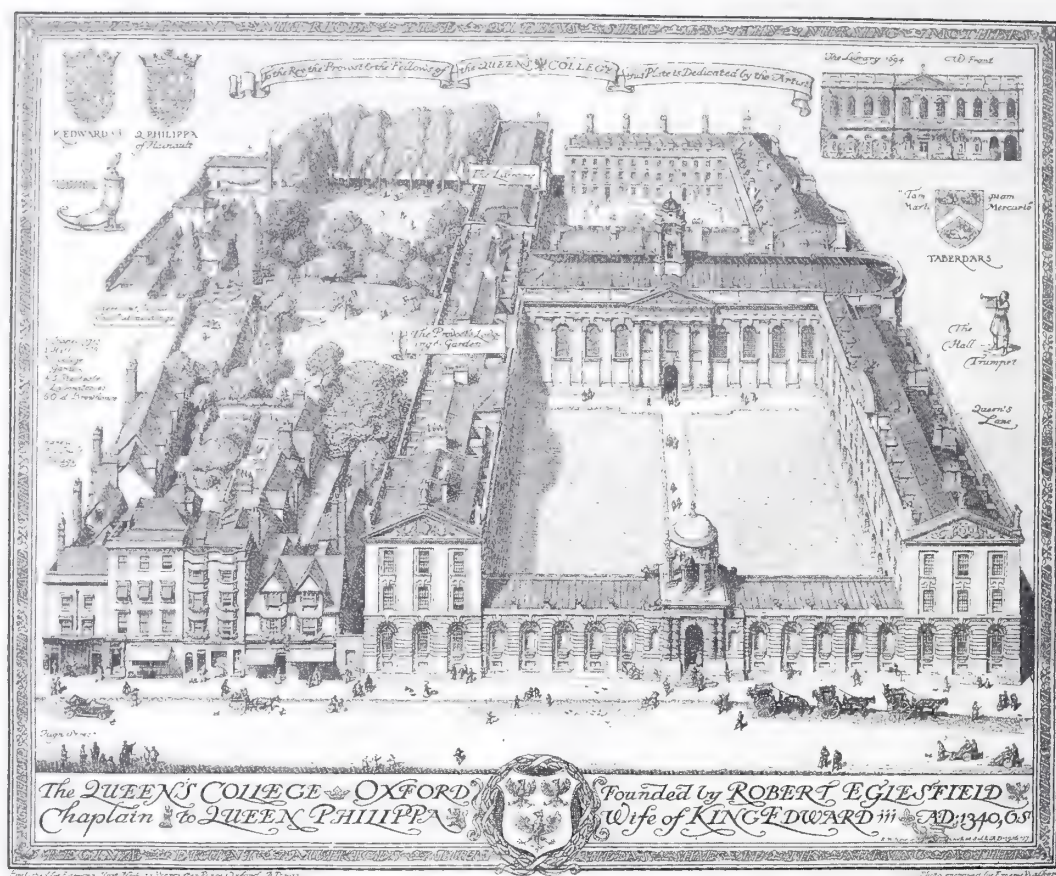
"UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD"
DRAWN BY EDMUND H. NEW

MR. EDMUND H. NEW'S "LOGGAN" DRAWINGS.

THE only possible way to depict masses of buildings grouped on quadrangular plan is to adopt the convention of the bird's-eye view. The latter, under the name of "prospect," was the mode of representation invariably used by David Loggan in his celebrated series of prints of Oxford and Cambridge. The original "Oxonia Illustrata" of Loggan was produced in 1673-5, and a similar but very inferior series followed by William Williams in 1726-33. Williams was thoroughly infected by the pseudo-classical instincts of his time—so much so that in two cases, those of Magdalen and Brasenose Colleges, he represented the buildings, not as they were, but as he would have preferred them to be. His drawings generally are hard

and unsympathetic, but they have a certain value as records of the changes that had taken place in the buildings between Loggan's time and his (Williams') own.

At the present day the "prospect" method is being revived with singular success by Mr. E. H. New in his New Loggan series of Oxford Colleges and other views; though he does not always take the same point of view as was taken by his predecessors above-named. The first drawings of the series were reviewed in THE STUDIO for February 1915; the more recent additions to the series comprise views of Exeter, Queen's, University and Oriel Colleges and Christ Church. It is quite remarkable how much detail Mr. New manages to introduce into his drawings without in any degree sacrificing the effect of breadth and spaciousness in the



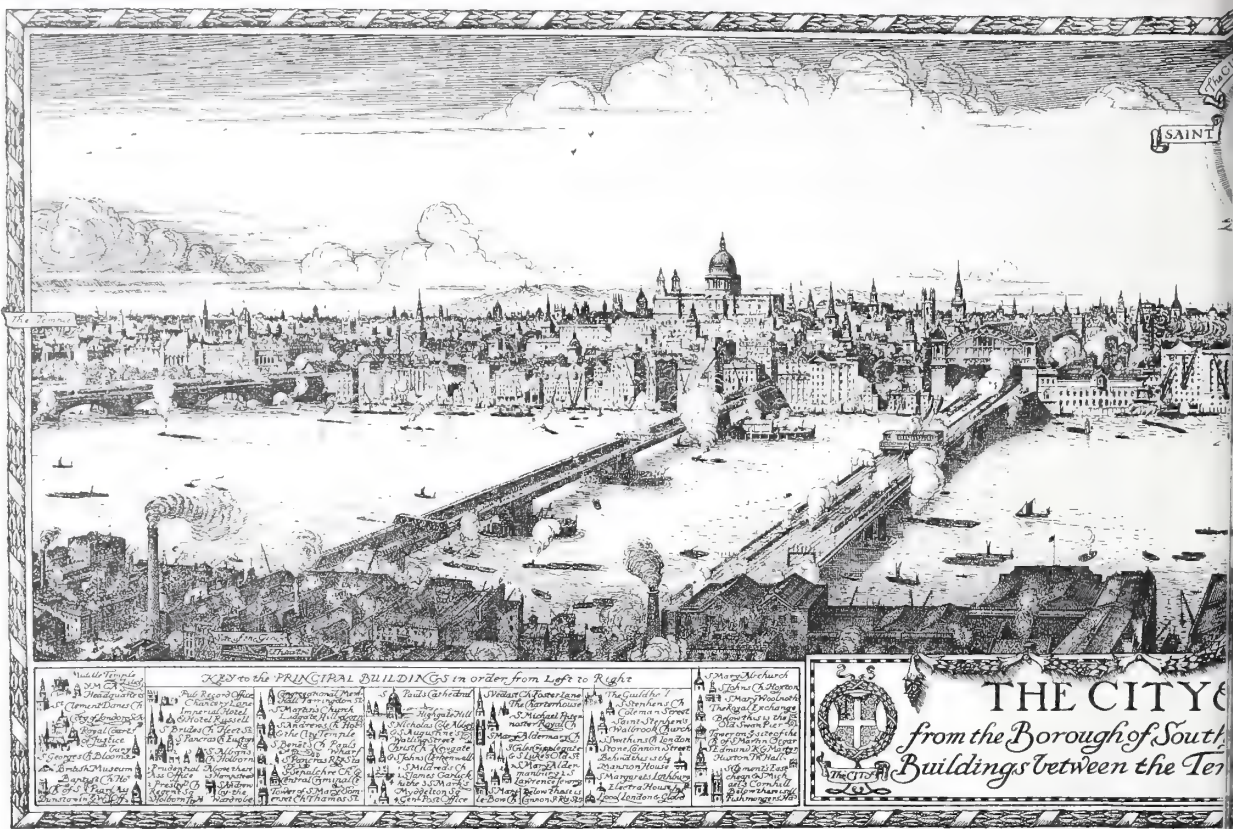
"QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD"
DRAWN BY EDMUND H. NEW

whole composition. If one has a fault to find with these beautiful drawings it is that they are too uniformly pleasing, so that unless one is personally acquainted with the actual buildings depicted, and with their respective dates, one might easily mistake modern and unworthy accretions for genuine antiquities. To say this, however, is to pay the highest tribute that could be paid to Mr. New's claims as an artist.

And now to come to details. Mr. New's view of Exeter College (not here reproduced) is taken from the west, as were both Loggan's and Williams's. Williams, however, stands, as it were, looking within the quadrangle only, omitting

altogether the western range. The latter was refaced by Underwood in 1834. Mr. New gives an inset of Sir Gilbert Scott's chapel from the south. The drawing, as compared with David Loggan's, shows how little of the original work remains visible, the college having virtually been remodelled by Scott between 1854 and 1860.

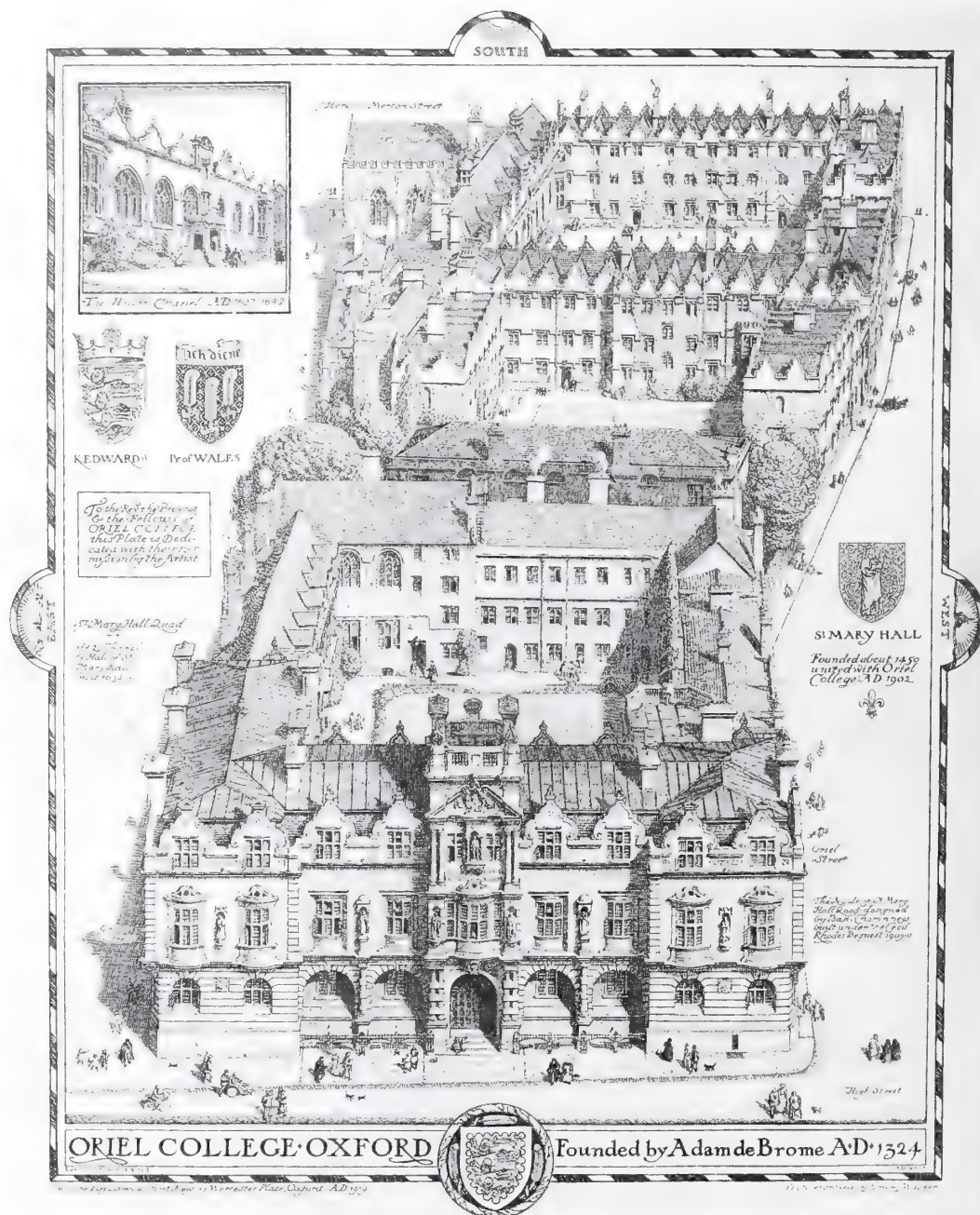
University College is viewed from the north, but has been much extended since David Loggan's time. The first addition since then, begun in 1716 through the munificence of Dr. Radcliffe, is of course illustrated in Mr. New's drawing, as are the later extensions to east and west, including the incongruous dome, erected



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"THE CITY AND PORT
OF LONDON, A.D. 1919"
DRAWN BY EDMUND
HORT NEW



“ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD”
DRAWN BY EDMUND
HORT NEW

in recent years to enshrine the nude statue of Shelley. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Queen's College, wholly rebuilt since Loggan's time, is shown from a totally different aspect, the principal buildings of the existing college facing south instead of east. ♡

In respect of the view of Oriel College, the "Oriel Record" for March 1920 remarks: "We regret that Mr. New has been beguiled into giving currency to a historical error in ascribing the foundation of the college to Adam de Brome." The college regards Edward II as founder; a claim to which the facts that the sovereign for the time being is Visitor, and that the college arms are the royal arms, the three leopards, only differenced within a bordure, certainly give warrant. Mr. New's view, taken from the steeple of St. Mary's Church, necessarily gives great prominence to the Cecil Rhodes frontage upon High Street as the northern extremity of the college. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Mr. New's prospect of Christ Church is taken, like Loggan's in 1673, from the west, but shows, of course, the later additions, viz. Wren's superstructure with its cupolas over the main gateway, the modern Meadow buildings, built under John Ruskin's Venetian-Gothic influence, and Bodley's handsome tower over the hall staircase. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Lastly, Mr. New has produced a splendid panorama of the City and Port of London, so large that it has to be printed on two sheets, the range of view stretching from the Temple on the west, or left, to the Tower Bridge on the east. Having the top of the tower of St. Mary Overie, now called St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the foreground, the drawing includes five, or parts of five, bridges. In this connexion it is interesting to recall that, until the eighteenth century, London Bridge was the only bridge to span the Thames below Kingston, a fact which immensely enhanced the importance of London Bridge itself. The latter—old London Bridge, that is—figures conspicuously in the views respectively by Wijngaerde (c. 1550), Visscher (1616), and Wenceslas Hollar (1647), with which the present view deserves to be compared, as also indeed it is well worthy to be accorded a place. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

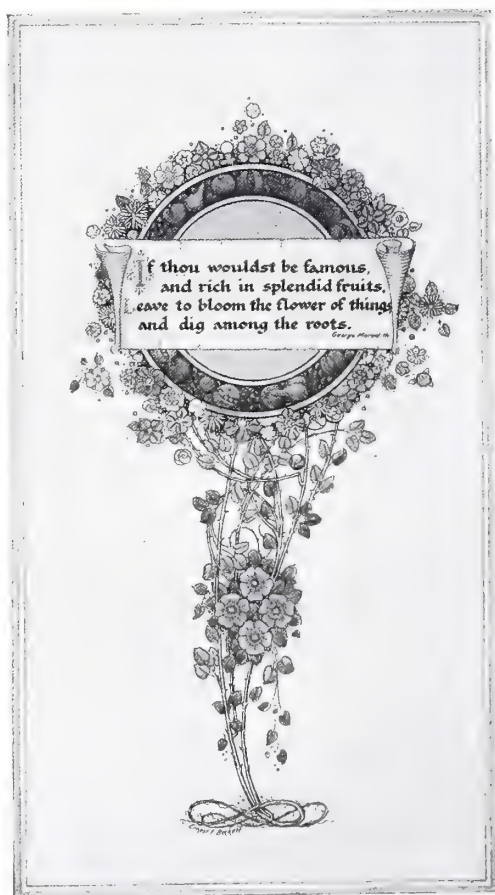
AYMER VALLANCE

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—We reproduce on this page an attractive example of illuminated lettering by Mr. Ernest F. Beckett, an accomplished practitioner in this branch of art. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

The recent exhibition of British Art, 1830–1850, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, was unfortunately marred by the sudden illness and death of Mr. C. Campbell Ross, who had been associated with this institution almost from its beginning nineteen years ago, and since the death of Mr. H. E. Teed on the field of battle in 1917 had been in sole charge of it. Mr. Ross was over seventy years of age and his sudden demise appears to have been in some



ILLUMINATED TEXT. BY
ERNEST F. BECKETT

measure due to the strain which the organization of the last exhibition entailed upon him. To a representative of this magazine who had a talk with him at the gallery soon after the opening of the exhibition and a day or two before he was taken ill, he spoke of the difficulties he had had to contend with in arranging it, and it was clear that in his efforts to make the show as successful as possible he had not spared himself, though with his habitual cheerfulness he was, as always, loth to complain. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

From Edinburgh about the same time came the news of the death of Mr. C. H. Mackie, member of the Royal Scottish Academy, chiefly noted for a remarkable series of Italian landscapes painted by him in recent years. In these as in all his work, which besides painting, included numerous interesting experiments in wood-block printing, colour is the distinguishing trait. An example of his landscape painting was reproduced by us in colour some four years ago. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

At the Dorien Leigh Galleries in Bruton Street an exhibition is being held this month of modern woodcuts in colour and monochrome. The exhibits include the four prints by Mr. Seewald, Mr. Goldschmit, and Mr. C. Thiemann respectively, of which reproductions are given on this and the following pages. ♡ ♡

A portion of the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, popularly known as the Tate Gallery, was reopened to the public in July, and the improvements effected both in the arrangement of the exhibits and in the decoration of the rooms, have been received with general favour, though strong criticism has been passed on the removal from the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square of certain works by early English masters, Hogarth and Reynolds more particularly, on the ground that their transfer greatly detracts from the prestige of the British Collection at the premier institution. However, we are all truly thankful to see the "Tate" once more accessible, and when the remaining rooms are surrendered by the Government and restored to their proper function, the Gallery with its treasures carefully selected and unburdened of much of the more trivial work

which has found its way there, will be a truly worthy monument of British Art.

Mrs. Stabler's garden figure, *The Young Mother*, reproduced on page 73, shows that concrete is capable of being put to other than purely utilitarian uses, and one advantage it possesses for outdoor sculpture is its durability. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Miss Doris Stacey whose etching, *Study of an Old Woman*, reproduced on page 74, won for her a British Institute Scholarship, shows a remarkable aptitude for character studies of this kind. She was until recently a student in the etching class at the Goldsmiths' College School of Art under Mr. F. Marriott, the Headmaster. ♡

The models of which we give illustrations on page 75 have this merit—that they are designed not to be looked at merely, but to be handled, and they are so well made that in the absence of any serious catastrophe they are likely to be still in going order long after their bright colours have faded or worn off. The manufacturers, Sabulite (Great Britain) Ltd. of Ware, rightly describe them as "working" models and the proper pro-



"BILEAM'S ASS"
WOODCUT BY SEEWALD
(Dorien Leigh Gallery)



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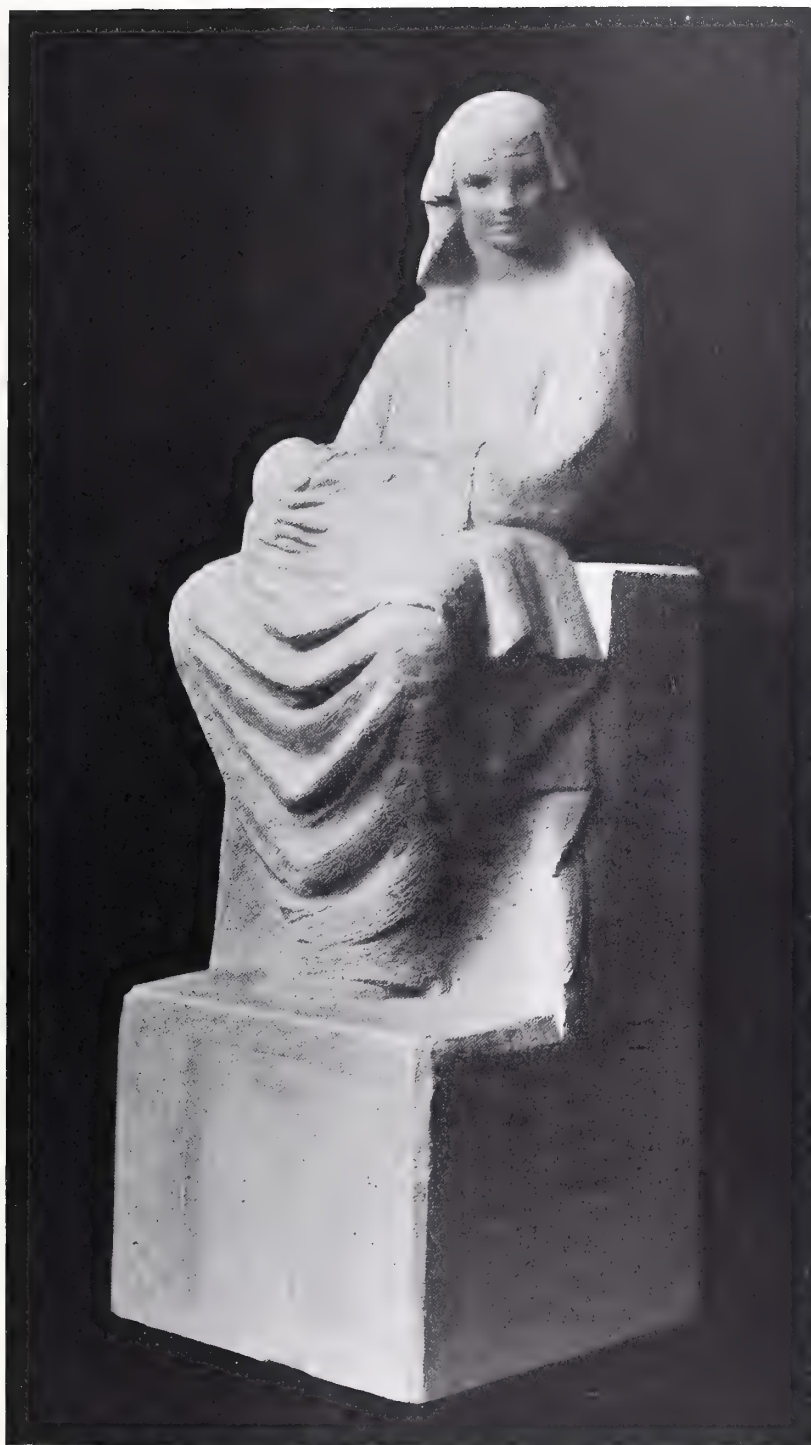
"THE BEND OF THE RIVER."
FROM A WOODBLOCK
PRINT BY C. THIEMANN.
(DORIEN LEIGH GALLERY.)



"CREATION." WOODCUT
BY P. GOLDSCHMIT
(Dorion Leigh Gallery)



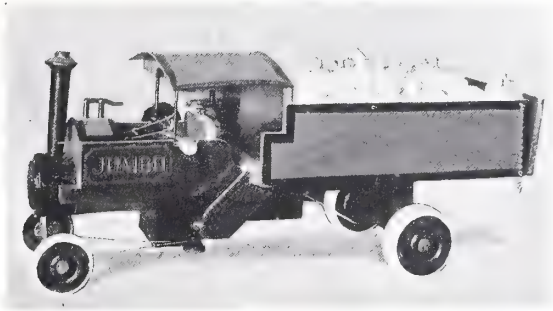
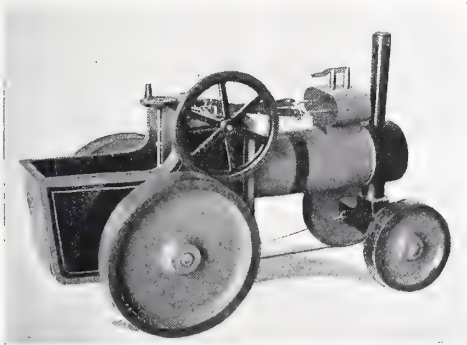
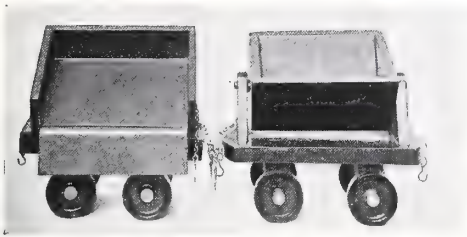
"CANAL, STOCKHOLM." FROM
A WOODCUT BY C. THIEMANN
(Dorien Leigh Gallery)



"THE YOUNG MOTHER"
CONCRETE GARDEN FIGURE
BY PHOEBE STABLER



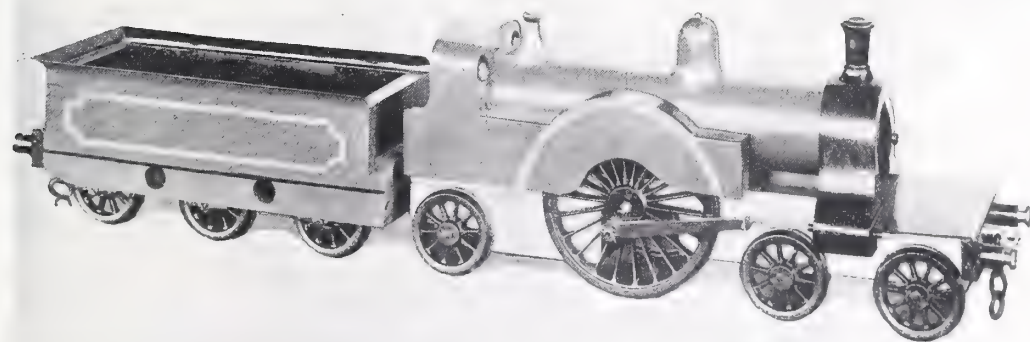
"STUDY OF AN OLD WOMAN"
FROM AN ETCHING BY
DORIS STACEY



PAINTED WOOD MODELS
BY SABULITE, LTD.

portions are maintained throughout. This firm, whose main business is the manufacture of explosives, had a good show of these models at the last British Industries Fair and their enterprise in taking up this kind of production is to be commended. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

PARIS.—The salons of 1920—the first real salons since 1914—were far from exciting the curiosity with which these springtime manifestations were wont to be followed in the years before the war. It seems evident that the public at large is becoming more and more disinterested



PAINTED WOOD MODEL
BY SABULITE, LTD.



"1918." TRIPTYCH BY
GEORGES PAUL LEROUX
(Société des Artistes Français)



"LA POYAROSSE, À ST.-PAUL-DE-VARAX
(AIN)." BY LOUIS JOURDAN
(Société des Artistes Français)

in these big artistic events, and as to that narrower public constituted of true *amateurs*, it is no longer at the Grand Palais, either in the salon of the Société Nationale or in that of the Artistes Français, that it cares to seek what it wants, being sure of not finding it there. ▯

The fact is that there is always a salon in Paris from October to June; the number of private galleries has been growing during the past decade, and even since the Armistice, and now reaches considerable proportions, which is, of course, proof of the increasing prosperity of the traffic in works of art. As a result, artists of originality and independence are forsaking the official salons, which are now by no means so representative of present day art as they used to be. That is not to say that in one or the other of these salons works of genuine interest are not to be met with; if it is undoubtedly true that mediocrity predominates, it is no less true that artists who really count, have remained loyal to one or other of the two

Societies and reserve for the salons their best work. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

If, in any case, one would follow the progress of French sculpture, it is only at the salons that this can be done, and it would not be going too far to say that French sculpture always occupies the first place in the universal evolution of art. The public, however, takes but a relatively small interest in it; more than ever it is susceptible to the prestige of colour, and there are many people who take a genuine interest in painting yet pay but little regard to the art that is truly plastic—sculpture. We have indeed no lack of first-rate sculptors, such as MM. Bourdelle, Bartholomé, Desbois, Despiiau, Bouchard, Landowski, Marque, Dejean, Roche, Quillivic, Mme. Serruys, and Mlle. Poupelet; and it is to a sculptor that the Grand Prix National has this year been awarded—M. Paul Dardé, whose *Faune* is an original and powerful work. ▯

One feature of the Société Nationale's salon which it would not be fair to pass

STUDIO-TALK

over, was the retrospective exhibition of works by deceased masters who were members—Carrière, Puvis de Chavannes, Roll, Stevens, Alexandre Charpentier, Rodin, Sisley, La Touche, Cazin, Dalou, Carolus-Duran, Meissonnier and Duez. The works of MM. Lucien Simon, Aman-Jean, Besnard, Le Sidaner, Emile Claus, Duhem, Maurice Denis, Paul Baudouin, Dinet, Charles Guérin, Van Dongen, Suréda, Raffaelli, René Ménard, and Mlle. Boznanska all deserved particular attention, albeit they did not tell us anything new about these artists, whose merits are well known and generally acknowledged. One cannot expect an artist to be always changing, and we are only too happy when he maintains his own high standard, as is the case with the artists just named. As to any revelations, they were unfortunately absent; the young artists turn more and more to the Salon d'Automne, which thus becomes a means of linking the

independants with the official salons, but the connection is far from being effected, and perhaps it is undesirable that it should ever be effected. The young men detest—and quite rightly—all this system of awards, medals, mentions, etc., which has remained an appanage of the Artistes Français; they resent it as an invasion of their independence. It cannot be denied that this spirit marks an improvement in artistic manners. The system is, indeed, very harmful because of the base expedients which it compels those artists who still submit to it to adopt; but that is, after all, their own concern, and if they like to submit, they may. ■ ■ ■

It was to be expected that works inspired by the great war would be very numerous at both salons, and this was especially so at that of the Artistes Français, but proof was afforded that military painting is powerless to create great and beautiful works of art. ■ ■



"FÊTE VÉNITIENNE," BY
FRANÇOIS FLAMENG
(Société des Artistes Français)



" PORTRAIT DE FERNANDE CABANEL "
BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE
(Société des Artistes Français)

REVIEWS

The premier place at the old salon must be given M. Henri Martin's rural scene, so fresh and so sound in composition, so brilliant and so true in colour. Nothing could be compared to it here, for the painters who show at this salon keep to their groove even more than those of the neighbouring salon. One of the successes of this year were the contributions of M. Jean Gabriel Domergue—seductive canvases astonishing in their technical dexterity and rare virtuosity. ▯ ▯

There remains little to be said about the contents of these forty and odd galleries, but I must mention the landscapes of MM. Boggio, Morchain and Flores (the last a young artist of great promise); the portraits of MM. Ernest Laurent, Joseph Bail, Pierre Laurens, Auguste Leroux, Jonas and Humbert, and the various contributions of MM. Flameng, Devambez, Fouqueray, Grun, Xavier Bricard, Camus, P. Chabas, Adler, Synavé, Biloul and Berthon, and no doubt there are others that ought to be named, but the examination of such a vast expanse of painted canvas is really very trying. One can understand why many artists of taste shun such a noisy orchestra of colour and form. G.M.

REVIEWS

The Art of Arthur Streeton. Special Number of "Art in Australia." (Sydney: Angus and Robertson; London: Oxford University Press.) Mr. Streeton, like many other artists who began their careers "down under," has lived and worked so long in England as to be regarded as one of our own, but his reputation as a painter of rare sensitiveness was already firmly established ere he migrated to the northern hemisphere, more than twenty years ago. The change of environment has, it is hardly necessary to say, slowly modified his art in the course of these years, and Mr. Konody, who reviews his English paintings, claims him now as "a typical English landscape painter." However, his work from the outset down to the present day is so amply and so admirably presented in this volume, which contains reproductions in colour of more than thirty characteristic examples as well as

many in monochrome, that his development can be studied without the aid of an interpreter. The volume as a whole is an example of high-class book production, which reflects great credit on the printers and publishers. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Strategic Camouflage. By SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A. (London: John Murray.) This exposé of German camouflage methods made by a distinguished Academician who, as a military officer, was especially occupied during the war with this subject has provoked a great amount of discussion, and there has been a disposition in official quarters to pooh-pooh his conclusions, based on a patient and searching analysis of aerial photographs. In a note issued since its publication, the author sets forth various items of evidence yielded by a recent visit to the areas photographed, which unmistakably confirm the conclusions deduced from the photographs as to the existence of an extensive system of structures designed to represent agricultural land and other landscape features, and intended to cover huge and rapid concentrations of troops. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

The Charm of Oxford. By J. WELLS. M.A., Warden of Wadham College, (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) Twenty-seven pencil drawings by Mr. Blackall, excellently reproduced and embracing many interesting views of Oxford Colleges, and a panoramic view of the City from the east, reproduced twice as an end paper, furnishes the *raison d'être* for this attractive volume. Those who know and revere this ancient seat of learning, which as Mr. Wells reminds his readers is, apart from its associations with great men and great movements, a paradise for the art student, will discern in Mr. Blackall's drawings something more than a literal rendering of the subjects he has selected, though he has paid considerable attention to detail. The reproductions, which look well on their mounts of light fawn cover paper, are accompanied by descriptive letterpress pertinent to the various subjects, and for those who may desire to have them in a form suitable for framing a separate portfolio edition of them is available, in which all the drawings are furnished with cut mounts. ▯ ▯



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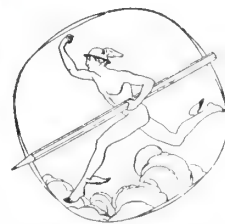
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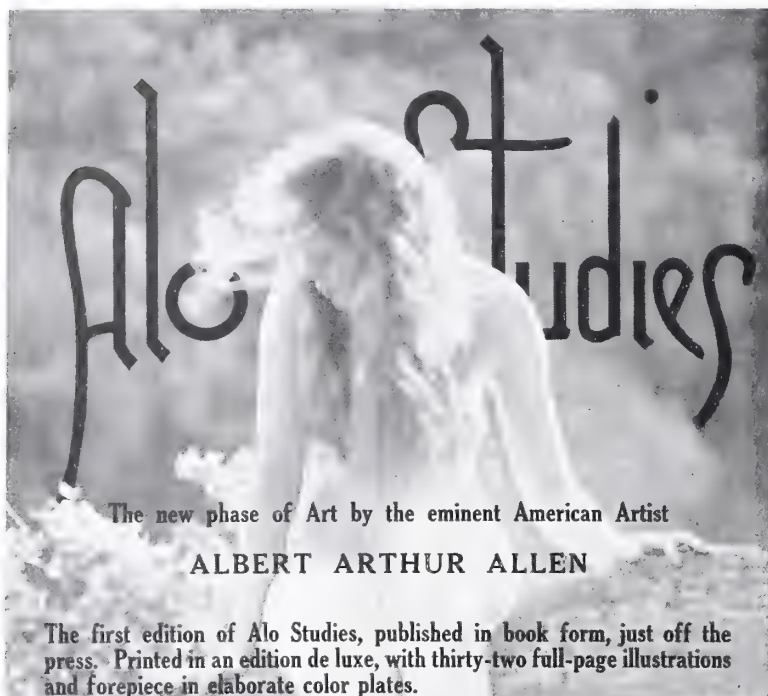
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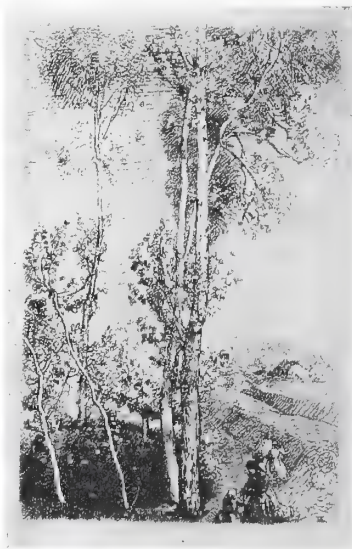
(Continued from page 6)

train artists of painting and sculpture) and the emphasis will be placed entirely on the stimulation and development of a greater love of beauty in music.

The outlook is bright, and there are many, particularly among those of limited and restricted means who are deeply appreciative of the added enjoyment and beauty the gift will offer them. The memorial is, as well, a beneficence.

AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

With the death of the master-etcher, Auguste Lepère, in 1918, there passed one who is not unworthy of that small company of which Rembrandt, Meryon and Whistler make part. Recognition of his genius was long ago accorded by connoisseurs, but only in the last few years has the rank and file come to appreciate him. Born in Paris in 1849, the son of the French sculptor, François Lepère, the boy was early placed with Smeeton, the English engraver. Perhaps from his father's clever use of his hands came Lepère's characteristic versatility, which makes him comparable with the men of the Renaissance. His book-bindings were notable, and he excelled in etching, engraving in colours, and drypoint. In its infinite detail his work with the wood-block reminds one of the early German engravers.



La Petite Mare

Etching by Auguste Lepère

It is said that Lepère did not paint directly from nature and it is certainly true that there is a great deal of romanticism in the Vendean pictures; nevertheless there is a simple, direct and vigorous handling in them which is traceable to his use of the etching needle. He delighted in homely country scenes in his etchings and rendered details of this simple life with the keenest relish. There is poetry in them all,

however, and especially in his beautiful tree groupings one feels the master, the interpreter, at work. They are not mere representations of nature. Sometimes there is over-emphasis perhaps, particularly in re-working the darks. It is also true that the earlier proofs, without the multitude of detail and the small but restless groups that he sometimes added, are apt to be more pleasing.

Of all his plates perhaps most has been written about those of queer out-of-the-way parts of ancient Paris; *Sur les Toits, près Notre Dame* is one of these. The apse of the cathedral at the right is silhouetted against a sunlit sky, but in *Le Grand Marché aux Pommes*, on the Seine, the delicately traced cathedral melts into a sky in which the artist has dared a sun full-on. It is a beautifully unreal effect and he attempts it again even more convincingly in the print *La Route de la Houssoye*. In *Le Quai de la Rue des Tanneurs à Amiens* he again etches the cathedral silhouette bathed in a luminous haze. *La Masure inondée* shows less striving for effect and there is a straight transcription of the actual scene with a few of his characteristic figures in the foreground. *La vieille Passerelle* is of this type but of greater beauty and interest, as is his *Village de la Meule*. There is a harsher but not more vigorous note in *Vue de Jouy-le-Moutier* and *Pêcheurs fuyants devant l'Orage*, both of an earlier period. *Carriers d'Amérique près Paris, Aux Fortifications, Porte de Versailles*, should be mentioned among others, and particularly *Vue du Port de la Meule*, another beautiful sunlight effect.

THE CASKETS OF PRINCESS SAT-HATHOR-IUNUT

UNDER initials A. C. M. was an interesting account of the two caskets here pictured. The following extracts from this article are reprinted from the Metropolitan Museum Bulletin:

The story begins in the nineteenth century B. C. with the death of a certain Egyptian princess named Sat-hathor-iunut, daughter of the twelfth-dynasty king Senusert II. A tomb, cut through some thirty feet of solid rock, had already been prepared for her within the enclosure wall of her father's pyramid, and here, in a massive stone sarcophagus, the body of the princess was duly laid. With her in the tomb, in a recess cut for that purpose in the side of the chamber wall, were deposited what were obviously her most valued possessions, a pair of ebony caskets, lavishly decorated with ivory and gold, and containing her jewelry and the articles of her toilet. The burial ceremony concluded, the door of the chamber was sealed, the burial shaft was



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filled, and the princess, with her caskets and her jewelry, was left to fend for herself in that new phase of life beyond the tomb in which the Egyptians had such profound belief. For a while—possibly two or three hundred years—her rest was undisturbed. Then with the decay of her father's house came the change of dynasty: gradually, as the revenues which the king had set aside for their service were stolen or diverted to other uses, his pyramid and temple were neglected and allowed to fall into decay, and finally, overtaken by the fate which every Egyptian feared most and which few escaped, his tomb and those of his family were abandoned to the mercies of tomb robbers. In the systematic search for loot the tomb of our princess was not overlooked. The shaft was re-opened, the sarcophagus lid was broken, the mummy of the princess was hauled out and pulled to pieces, and her bones were broken and scattered. In some miraculous way the caskets with their precious contents escaped this orgy of destruction; for by an extraordinary oversight the tomb robbers neglected to investigate the open niche which contained them, though it stood within easy reach of their hands. Whatever the reason, haste or the semi-darkness in which they worked, the fact remains, that the thieves withdrew with the plunder they had secured from the body, leaving the niche with caskets and jewelry still intact. For a time the grave remained open, accessible to all but visited by none, save possibly the great white owl which startles the modern excavator as it rises ghostlike from an open shaft, and whose eggs one finds so frequently in plundered graves. Then, as happens so quickly in the wind-blown desert, the process of refilling began, and in a very few years the scar was healed, and nothing remained to mark the evidence of a grave but a slight hollow on the surface.

Three thousand five hundred years passed by. The Hyksos invaders came, conquered, and were driven out; Egypt extended covetous hands toward Asia, became an Empire, came to grips with her great eastern rival, waged her long duel, and sank back exhausted to fall an easy victim to Alexander; the Ptolemies passed in brief magnificence and long-drawn-out debauchery and sold their throne to Rome; Christianity made its instant appeal, to be superseded a few centuries later by Islam; Egypt became a dependency of the Caliphate, and one foreign viceroy succeeded another as the rival Mohammedan sects intrigued and murdered their way to supremacy; Mamelukes succeeded Caliphs, and were themselves driven out by Turks; Napoleon fought

(Continued on page 14)

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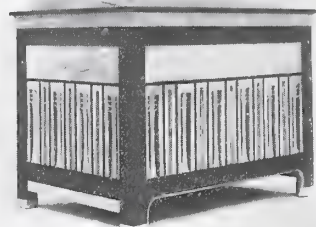
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(Continued from page 12)

his battles on the Nile; Mohammed Ali founded his dynasty, rebelled against Turkey, but was denied the fruits of his victory; the bankrupt Ismail made inevitable the Allied Occupation. Three thousand five hundred years of crowded history, and through it all the jewelry and caskets lay buried in their niche, the caskets, soaked by the rain floods, disintegrating and weakening little by little, and finally falling apart, scattering and crushing in their fall the ivory and gold with which they had been covered.

We pass on now to 1914 A. D., when the spade of the modern excavator takes up the story. In the spring of that year Professor Flinders Petrie, working on behalf of the British School of Archæology, made an exhaustive search of Senusert's pyramid and its dependencies, and in the course of this work the grave of our princess was cleared once more. There was the sarcophagus with its broken lid, just as the grave robbers had left it—within it, all that remained of the mummy, a couple of amazonite beads—and there in the side of the chamber wall was the open niche, half full of mud, as unlikely looking a place for treasure as one could well imagine, and to all seeming not worth the trouble of clearing. However, to make a clean job it was done, and with the first blow of the workman's pick came the glint of gold.



The remains of the caskets—some thousands of pieces of ivory and gold—were carefully collected, washed from the mud, and taken to England with the jewelry, and there, after a preliminary sorting and study of the material, a tentative paper-reconstruction of the larger casket was made. In the spring of 1916 the whole find was acquired by the Metropolitan Museum, but in view of the unsafe condition of shipping at the time it was decided not to bring it to New York, and it lay buried for the remaining period of the war in a safe deposit vault in London. Arrived in the Museum in the fall of 1919, the jewelry was placed on exhibition in the Room of Recent Accessions, and remained there for several months. At the same time the work of reconstructing the caskets was taken in hand, a task which has just been concluded after some seven months of work.

THE NEW ARMY AND NAVY CLUB

LEADING architects of the country will be asked to submit competitive drawings of the \$3,000,000 clubhouse the Army and Navy Club of America is to build in New York in memory of the 3,500 officers who died in the war. The Memorial will be a national one, dedicated to the commissioned men in all branches of the service who made the supreme sacrifice.

Charles Dana Gibson, Edwin Howland Blashfield, Henry Bacon and Benjamin Morris, with Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, president of the club, form the committee appointed to select the design for the building.

Notable contributions have been made to American art and architecture by members of the committee on design. Edwin Howland Blashfield decorated the great central dome of the Library of Congress. His war posters attracted international attention. His most recent important work was the design for the government's certificate of honour issued for every man who died or was wounded in service during the war.

The impressive Lincoln Memorial at Washington was designed by Henry Bacon. He formerly was a member of the firm of McKim, Mead and White. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and the National Academy of Design.

Benjamin Morris was the architect for the Junius Spencer Morgan Memorial at Hartford, the Westchester County Court House at White Plains, and is the designer of the new Cunard Building at 25 Broadway, New York. He is president of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects.

Charles Dana Gibson is known throughout the world as an illustrator. He has a wide personal acquaintance among artists and architects. "Life" was recently purchased by Mr. Gibson and he is now its publisher.

The new clubhouse will be centrally located and will serve not only as a monument to the men who died, but also as a home for living officers, active or retired, in the army, navy or state militia. Civilians interested in the nation's defense are also eligible for associate membership.

The committee on design will decide the rules governing the competitive drawings the club will request of all the leading architects. Only tentative plans have been decided on, but interesting features of the new building are included in these.

The memorial feature will probably take the form of a central court or hall with bronze panelled walls where the names of those who made the su-

POETRY

FROM THE BODLEY HEAD

*Death's dance may have a languid grace
As to his tune you tread the gay measure,
Slowly, slowly.
You feel not his arm around your waist,
His icy breath on your cheek.
It is summer.
In the pauses of the dance
You forget he is with you in the sitting out places,
And even as you are thinking of other summers to come,
Of other roses as sweet as those you now fondle,
Death invites you once more to the dance,
Slowly, slowly,
With a little more languor.
Summer is fading.*

**From Songs of the Dead
By Margaret Napier**

*To the immortal memory of men
Who trod the great road to the Stars and gave
The Ultimate gift.*

**From The Sage of the Seventh Division
By Helen Forbes**

*. . . They reached the well, and soon the bucket brimmed;
But he had turned to the wells her eyelids cover,
And knew he saw there his soul's fellow limned;
And then, manoeuvring to play the lover,
Forgot the bucket, and fell kicking it over.
She leaned to clutch him as he left the level:
But missed—He cracked his crown—and brain, poor devil. . .*

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preme sacrifice will be engraved.

The present clubhouse at 18 Gramercy Park has long been unsuited for entertaining the hundreds of officers who annually come to New York. During the war members found it very inadequate. Naval officers of this and the other allied countries were entertained at the New York Yacht Club, but Army officers in New York during those trying days found hotels overcrowded and themselves without a home to which they could go for suitable accommodations.

Since the war the need has been even more emphasized. While enlisted men have canteens, huts and clubhouses, the officers have been without a place to go for meals, or lodgings, except the very expensive hotels. The moderate pay of our military leaders has made the cost of stopping at these hostels almost prohibitive.

In the new clubhouse there will be at least 400 bedrooms. A large dormitory furnished with cots will also be provided for use on special occasions when the city is crowded with service men.

There also will be a large assembly hall and small rooms for meetings of patriotic societies. Women friends of members, or women relatives of the deceased men, will find a dining room and reception room for their exclusive use. Other features to be found in a modern clubhouse will be included in the plans.

The club recently broadened its scope so as to include in its membership all officers, ex-officers, and all commissioned men with the allied armies during the war, numbering approximately 200,000.

Among the men recently elected to life membership are: Henry P. Davison, who is chairman of the civilian committee; Vincent Astor, lieutenant in the navy during the war; Elmer A. Sperry, inventor of the gyroscope; J. P. Morgan, Arthur Curtis James, Charles H. Sabin, Brig. Gen. Guy E. Tripp, Brig. Gen. Samuel McRoberts, and others of equal prominence.

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But the museum must go out of its way to establish in the minds of the people a clear conception of the relation of its art to their daily lives. It must show them that art may enrich our lives and at the same time simplify them by teaching us to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential.

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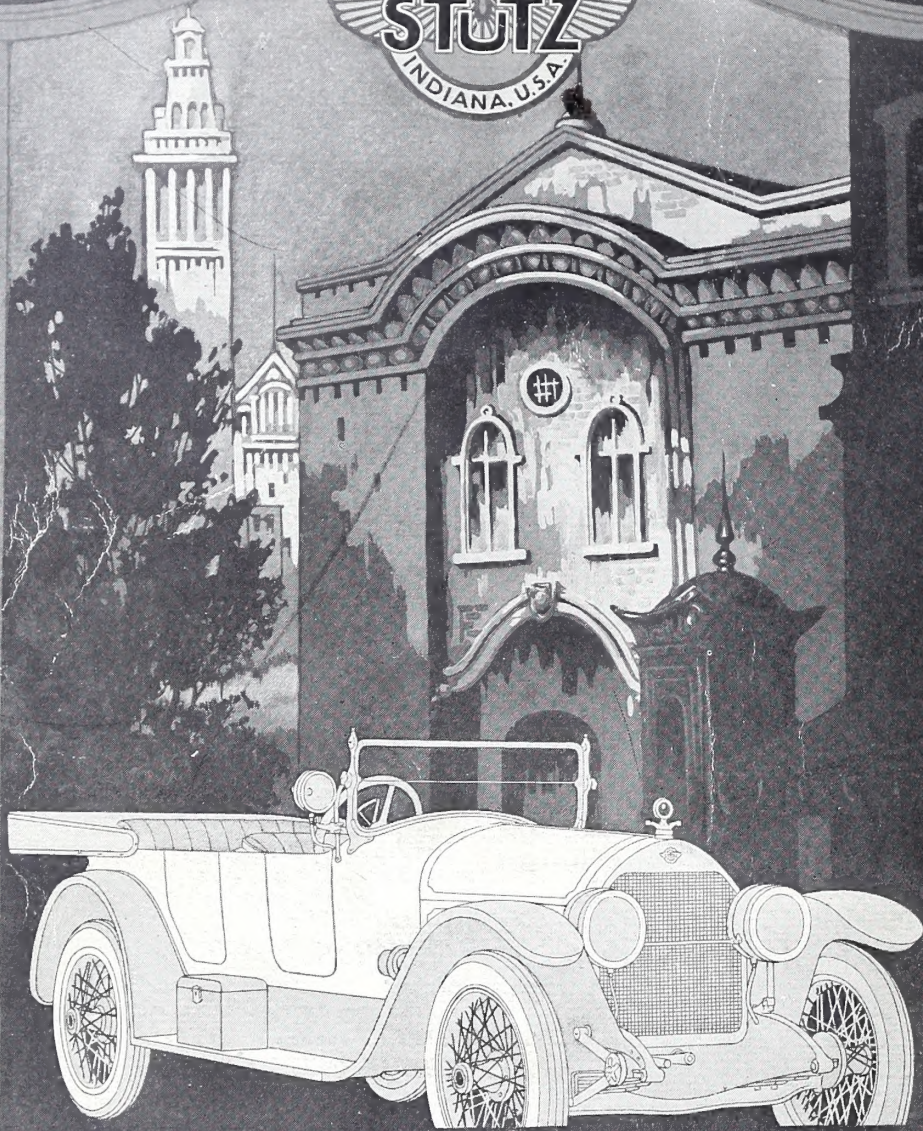
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